The Outlook

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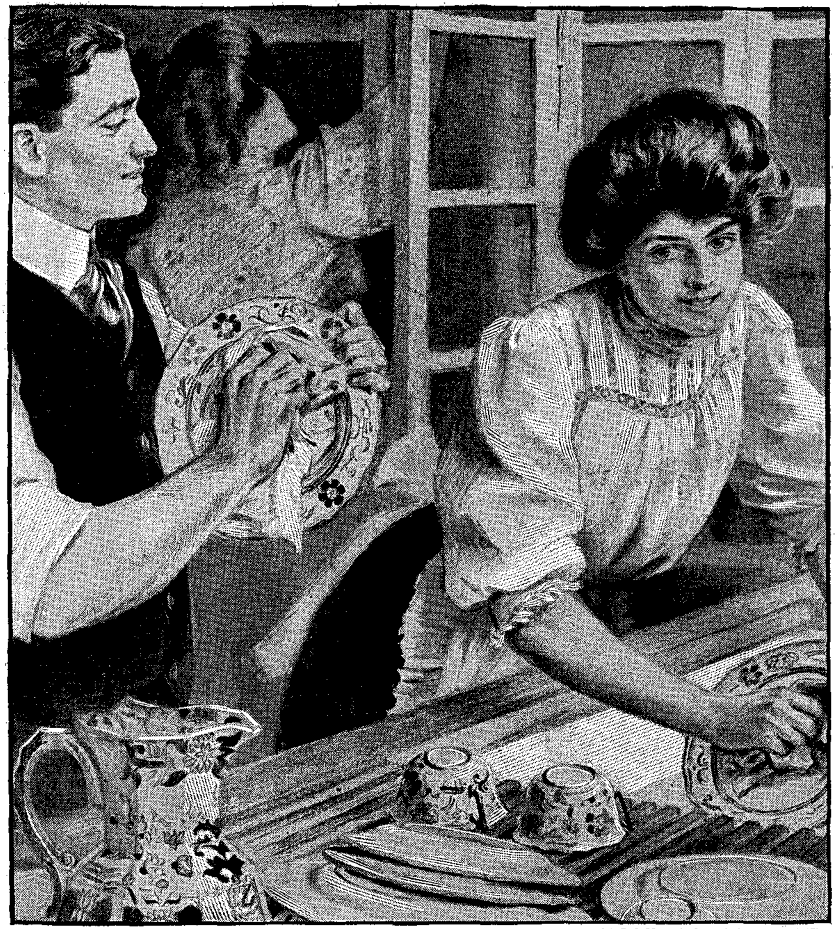

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The Outlook

NEW YORK, AUGUST 22, 1908

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Mr. Bryan's Speech of Acceptance

In his speech of acceptance, which was delivered at Lincoln, Nebraska, on Wednesday of last week, before a great crowd of both Democrats and Republicans, Mr. Bryan showed to great advantage as a political debater. In both attack and defense he is always adroit and confident, and he was never more so than on that occasion. His speech is in contrast with the speech of acceptance delivered by his principal opponent, Mr. Taft. Mr. Taft's speech is comprehensive, Mr. Bryan's selective; Mr. Taft's is long, Mr. Bryan's brief; Mr. Taft's is a speech to be used for reference, Mr. Bryan's a speech to be read; Mr. Taft's speech has the qualities of a judge's opinion, Mr. Bryan's has those of an advocate's argument; Mr. Taft's speech is expressed in diction which, while it slips from the mind of the reader, leaves behind it a clarified idea; Mr. Bryan's is expressed in diction which leaves behind phrases that stick in the mind. It is natural, almost inevitable, that the party which is in power should present its record of achievement and submit a constructive programme, and that the party in opposition should lay emphasis upon criticism. This fact finds striking illustration in the contrast between the two speeches. Mr. Taft submits a programme, and makes criticism of his opponents subsidiary; Mr. Bryan offers his constructive suggestions only incidentally, and lays stress on what he conceives to be his opponents' weaknesses. Mr. Bryan first announces the limits of his field of discussion by declaring that the platform is binding upon him "as to what it omits, as well as to what it contains." Indeed, he goes to the length of asserting that "an official is not at liberty to use the authority vested in him to urge personal views which have not been submitted to the voters for their approval." Then he begins his arraignment of the Republican party, which he offers "in the name of the Democratic party." He outlines the social and economic abuses by a quotation from one of President Roosevelt's messages. During all this period in which the evils grew, the Republican officials presided over the executive offices, dominated the legislative branch, and occupied most of the Federal judgeships. Republican promises of tariff reform, of control of the trusts, of the regulation of the railways, must be read in the light, Mr. Bryan suggests, of this fact. The Republican party, he declares, is supported by the beneficiaries of special legislation, and so long as it remains in power it must remain unregenerate. "It cannot," he says, "attack wrong-doing in high places without disgracing many of its prominent members." He makes a special attack upon the oligarchy in the House of Representatives, and scores a point when he notes that the Republican Convention "nominated as the Republican candidate for Vice-President one of the men who shared in the responsibility for the coercion of the House." He makes in his speech only two suggestions that could be called constructive. One is the reiteration of his well-known views in favor of the publicity of campaign contributions, in which he emphasizes a demand for such publicity before election; the second is his reiteration of his views as to the prime importance of a popular election of Senators, to be secured by Constitutional amendment. In closing, Mr. Bryan assures his hearers that the Democratic party is not the enemy of legitimate industry, though, he says, "those who have committed larceny by law" may be expected to try to create the opposite impression; and he ends his speech with a promise to do what he can to apportion to every man the just reward for service.

❀

Not by Words Alone The weaknesses of the Republican party do not escape Mr. Bryan's eye, or his keen-tempered phrases. The Democratic party, however, has its weaknesses too, and these Mr. Bryan seems to think may be kept out of sight by the simple device of his refusal to discuss them. He is ready to hold up to view the mistakes and failures of the Republican party, but, because they do not happen to be mentioned in the Democratic platform, he decides not to regard as among the issues of the campaign the mistakes and the failures of the Democratic party. The fact that Mr. Bryan ignores them, however, will not prevent the people of the country from remembering them. It will not prevent them from placing beside the name of the Republican Hanna the name of the Democratic Tom Taggart; beside the Republican Blaine the Democratic Whitney; beside the Republican Harriman the Democratic Ryan; beside the Republican Quay and Odell the Democratic Gorman and "Fingey" Conners; beside the Republican Reed and Fairbanks the Democratic Crisp and Parker; beside the Republican Crumpacker the Democratic Tillman, Vardaman, and Jeff Davis; beside the Republican Dingley Bill the Democratic Wilson-Gorman Bill; and it will not prevent them from comparing the achievements of Mr. Bryan with the achievements of Mr. Taft. People are no more willing to judge a man's politics than to judge his religion by what he professes. And when a man attacks the record of an opposing party, his own career and the record of his own party are fairly before the people for examination.

❀

The August Presidential Election As we go to press, information of the most authoritative Republican sort makes it evident that the electoral votes of the following States are for Mr. Taft: California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. At the same time, information of equally authoritative Democratic origin makes it certain that the electoral votes of the following States are for Mr. Bryan: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. This results in a vote of 405 for Mr. Taft and of 337 for Mr. Bryan. Inasmuch as it requires only 242 electoral votes to elect a President, it is obvious that both are already virtually elected. This involves, we suppose, the election to the Vice-Presidency of both Mr. Kern and Mr. Sherman. The situation will be unprecedented. The Constitution makes no provision for this contingency. Some amicable arrangement, we are sure, will be made. The American people are very good-natured; they are, moreover, better prepared for the enlivening experiences involved in such a situation than they would have been before the present Administration. Mr. Bryan's generous offer to share the White House with Mr. Kern will now, it seems, have to make way for one of two other arrangements: either the joint occupancy of the White House by the Bryan and Taft families, or, if practicable, the establishment within the walls of the White House of a community consisting of the families of Mr. Taft, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Kern, and Mr. Sherman. As nobody seems to want the Vice-Presidency, anyway, Mr. Sherman and Mr. Kern will undoubtedly be glad to relieve each other and so halve the work. The adjustment of duties between the two Presidents is a mo difficult problem, but not necessarily insuperable. Inasmuch as in their articles recently published Mr. Bryan minimizes the responsibilities of the Presidency and wishes to see them distributed, while Mr. Taft magnifies them and is ready to accept all that are laid upon him and more if necessary, it is conceivable that Mr. Taft would arrange to take all the responsibilities that Mr. Bryan would forego, and cheerfully concede to him the remainder.

❀

The President Mr. Cleveland and the Coal Strike

By the kindness of the President we are permitted to give to our readers on another page a before unwritten chapter in the history of the great Anthracite Coal Strike. The correspondence between the President and the ex-President shows not only that Mr. Cleveland heartily approved of Mr. Roosevelt's course in interfering to prevent the disaster threatened to the community by that labor war, but that he actually suggested such interference and was quite ready, at great personal inconvenience to himself, to take part in making it successful. Mr. Cleveland as President had rightly interfered in the Chicago railway strike to put down violence, enforce law and order, and protect persons and property when they were threatened by mob violence; and he was equally ready to interfere to prevent by pacific measures a labor war from assuming such proportions as would involve mob violence. This correspondence will enhance the general esteem in which his memory is held by men of all parties, and the President has done a characteristically generous act in giving these facts to the public and sharing with the great leader of the opposition the honor of that happy adjustment. We commend this correspondence to the careful consideration of those admirers of Mr. Cleveland who have been inclined to criticise Mr. Roosevelt for offering his services in that crisis as a peacemaker, calling it unconstitutional because the framers of the Constitution had not specifically defined among the offices of the President that of peacemaker, which the Son of Man numbered among the offices of all the sons of men.

❀

The Riot at Springfield

If the accounts telegraphed from Springfield, Illinois, on Saturday last give an accurate account of the rioting of the previous night, the outbreak was one of the most violent in this country, North or South, for many years. The inciting cause was an attack by a negro upon a white woman. An attempt to lynch the offender was baffled by the police, who tricked the mob and took the prisoner to Peoria. Enraged at this, the mob lynched another negro, a prisoner in jail; and then the passion of the rioters broke into unrestrained frenzy, and a general attack followed on "Bad Lands," the negro quarter of Springfield. The despatches state that thirty-five houses were burned down, and that the rabble swept through the streets attacking every negro it met; that negro resorts were looted and wrecked, and that at least three negroes were killed and many severely injured, while one report adds that at least two white men were shot. The Assistant County Treasurer, Mr. W. K. Bowe, was fatally shot by negroes, and robbed of a considerable sum of money. The negroes were desperate, and fought viciously and aggressively. It is said that in all seventy-five persons were injured. It quickly became evident that only the strongest measures could repress the lynching, arson, and rioting. Several companies of troops were called out from neighboring towns, and others were held in reserve. The police and firemen had already tried to disperse the mob, but ineffectively, and the Springfield militia also seemed powerless until the arrival of outside help. Even then it was necessary actually to fire at the rioters, and volleys aimed low wounded a number in the legs and drove back the others. A singular and deplorable incident was the wounding of the Prohibition candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Eugene W. Chafin. A negro pursued by the mob fled to a stand from which Mr. Chafin was making a campaign address. The speaker threatened to shoot anyone who attacked the negro, although he does not seem actually to have had a pistol with him, and was struck and severely hurt by a brick thrown by one of the pursuers. In every detail, and equally in the extent and fury of the mob, this outbreak is a dreadful proof of the contagious violence of vicious and lawless passion. To meet crime with crime is to multiply crime.

❀

Convict Lease Atrocities

Of Georgia's convict system there have been, among people at once humane and informed, no two opinions; but hereafter hostility to that system will be intensified by horror. In a Georgia convict camp a white boy, fifteen years old, accidentally spilled some coffee on a hog. He was seized, whipped with sixty lashes by a sanded strop, sent to the camp hospital in a condition of mutilation, and slowly died. Instance after instance of whipping and of smothering, and of other forms of worse than bestial cruelty, has been elicited from witnesses under oath by the legislative committee of investigation which has been sitting in Atlanta since July 22. The instance of the white boy is not exceptional. Of course negroes have formed the larger proportion of the victims of this system, because they form the larger proportion of the convicts. For forty years Georgia has gained revenue and permitted contractors and servants of the State to make money out of the State's convicts. Under the law the custom has been for the State to let out its prisoners as laborers to private contractors. In this way the State gets a revenue from its prisoners, and the contractors get cheap labor over which they have almost, if not quite, absolute control. No wonder that the State has been unable to escape the curse of a system that turns the duty of the State to restrain and reform into an opportunity to secure revenue and to enrich the greedy. Accompanying the savage cruelty has been unconcealed corruption. This system has been a reproach to Georgia and a shame. But it must not be forgotten that it is Georgia that has, even at this late date, undertaken the reform, and that it is Georgians whose words against this unspeakable system are most burning. At a mass-meeting held in Atlanta on August 2 a Georgian derisively asked that, if Georgia could not afford to make a change, Leopold II and the Czar Alexander be requested to head a subscription list. This meeting adopted resolutions declaring that the lease system was "a crime against God, a blot on the civilization of the South, and its re-enactment in any form whatever would be a disgrace to the State." The Georgia Legislature has adjourned without terminating this system. The excuse is that the committee has not yet finished its investigation or submitted a report. Governor Smith, however, is to call the Legislature to a special session. Whatever constructive measures may be adopted as a result of the committee's report, the disclosures which have already been made are enough to make the people sweep this thing of murder and greed from the face of the State.

❀

Forestry and Forest Fires

During the past month North America has been visited by more serious forest fires than have occurred for a number of years. The States of Maine, New Hampshire, New York, and Washington on this side of the Canadian border, and British Columbia on the other, have been severely visited. Of the fires on our side, that in Maine was apparently the most disastrous; it was largely checked by welcome rains. The conflagration in British Columbia, however, still raging, involved a greater loss of life, homes, and treasure than was sustained by the fires in all our States. Many persons perished, and the loss in timber and buildings may amount to ten million dollars. The Canadian fire was especially destructive because of its transmission by the carpet of brown needles filled with pitch on the earth, a highly inflammable deposit made year after year by the pine trees. Of course these needles are mixed with sand by the wind, and on this vegetation grows; but sometimes under the surface the carpet is dry; if this under-stratum is ignited, the fire starts off underground, causes but little smoke, and rarely breaks through to the surface because of the moist layer above. If, however, a house is found in the track of this underground fire, the danger is at once apparent. The Canadian fire destroyed several towns, especially the city of Fernie, where alone the loss is estimated at two million dollars. It is believed that all the fires were started either by sparks from passing locomotives or by the criminal negligence of inexperienced hunters in leaving their camp fires to die of their own accord. The fires call attention, therefore, to the necessity for new fire laws, both State and National. One thing strikes the casual observer at once, and that is the absence in this country of the lane system in use throughout Europe—that is, the cutting of wide paths or lanes through the forests, for the purpose of checking fire and of facilitating the movement of troops. The introduction of such a system seems imperatively necessary if we are to have any increase in real fire protection. A danger indicated by all these fires is that of the leaving by lumbermen of slashings, or underbrush, on the ground after the main body of timber has been removed. Certainly in these two respects new laws are necessary both in Canada and in the United States.

❀

Block by Block The Mayor of Birmingham, Alabama, the Hon. George B. Ward, has hit upon a happy idea for actively enlisting his constituents in the beautification of the city. He is promoting this end by getting each block to form a little organization whose sole business it will be to look after its own improvement. He believes that, to be effective, the movement must be taken charge of by women, as, to quote his own words, "they are more interested than men and have better judgment in such matters. They realize more fully their importance. The cumulative effect of neighborhood work toward attractiveness will revolutionize the looks of Birmingham if persisted in, and there is so much civic pride here that it needs only to be stimulated and backed up to get wonderful results." The by-laws which have been prepared for "the block improvement societies of the city of Birmingham" are simple but sufficient. The purpose is declared to be to stimulate interest in civic improvement and public affairs; to encourage and assist the authorities in securing cleaner streets, alleys, and public places, more parks, children's playgrounds, and boulevards; to encourage the more general planting of trees, flowers, and lawns, the improvement of vacant property, and in general do all things that will aid in the creation of a city beautiful, healthy, and pleasant to live in. The following advice, under the heading "Do It Now," is addressed to each society:

> Pull down your fence. The city will haul it away and keep off the cows. If you can't be induced to part with it, fix it up and paint it.
>
> Whitewash everything you can't paint.
>
> Plant lawns, flowers, and trees. Wherever the ground shows bare, plant something green in it.
>
> Exercise the same supervision over your sidewalk as over your front yard. Sidewalks are the index of the kind of people inside.
>
> Trim up trees which are too low and which overhang sidewalks.
>
> If there are any dead trees around, pull them up and start new ones.
>
> Report anybody who mutilates or ties a horse to a tree. You get half the fine on conviction.
>
> Plant a strip of green in bare places along sidewalk. The city will furnish street-sweepings if haul is not too long.
>
> Cut weeds always while young and tender. It will save you money and please everybody.
>
> When street or sidewalk is torn up and is not properly repaired, "call up" the Mayor's office and give the name of party responsible.
>
> Report any unsightly object in your neighborhood. If possible, it will be remedied.
>
> Don't let your dog bark all night. Think of your neighbor.
>
> Call attention of all you meet to the idea of a "City Beautiful."
>
> Encourage your children to help the good work along by training them to pick up papers, sticks, and other rubbish wherever found.
>
> A few dimes and a lot of enthusiasm and determination will transform an unsightly back yard into a little spot of beauty.
>
> Sweet-peas, climbing nasturtiums, castor beans, hollyhocks, or even sunflowers, make an effective screen to hide old fences, sheds, or other unsightly views. For permanent screens use hardy shrubs, or the quickly growing vines.
>
> You may have a window-box filled with

geraniums, if you cannot have a grand yard filled with choice roses. The window-box can be made at small cost. The flowers will not cost you twenty-five cents.

VERY SPECIAL.—Keep sewer inlets free from trash. It saves your street from washing, and keeps the sewer clean. We have nine thousand, and the city must have help from the householder.

The simplicity and scope of this movement are not the only significant features of this plan. The interest of Mayor Ward is worthy of high commendation and general imitation. He has opened a way to abating nuisances and accomplishing much in the way of the public welfare. As he but recently declared—

> These block-improvement societies will not only maintain but add to the beauty which has recently commenced to demand admiration from visitors and is making Birmingham talked of throughout the United States. Everybody does not realize it, but beauty is one of the chief assets of any city—even when measured in dollars and cents. Beauty is simply one form that wealth takes. Every piece of property will increase in value in direct ratio with its own attractiveness or that of its surroundings. It will also deteriorate in the same ratio by neglect or by proximity of unsightly premises. Neglect or lack of taste on the part of a few people in one neighborhood will minimize the good work of all the others. It is evident that the inertia of those who do not care how their lots look, or who do not know what to do in matters of this kind, must be overcome. It can be done if each of these organizations drives steadily toward the following simple and inexpensive hints. The city will co-operate in every way possible when called upon.

The South is affording many happy civic suggestions, and this is one of the happiest.

❀

Liberty in Turkey Mohammed's command against the unveiling of women's faces was violated last week in Turkey. At Salonika a woman of rank, the wife of a Young Turk leader, appeared unveiled on the streets, carrying a patriotic banner, to the mingled consternation and delight of the populace. She was greeted with applause, and her husband's comrades publicly kissed her hands. At Monastir, where for some time women have traveled about alone, employed by the Young Turk party as spies, a correspondent of one of the London papers reports his introduction into the house of a rich merchant of that city, an adherent of the Young Turk party. He found his host's wife and sisters unveiled and wearing European dress. They spoke French easily, and declared delightedly that they had all helped in the movement for the reissuance of the Constitution. If the success of that movement has brought freedom and satisfaction to the Liberals among the men in Turkey, it has certainly brought even greater satisfaction and joy to the women; for to them it means a peculiar emancipation. In this country an evidence of the new order of things was the recall last week of Mehmed Ali Bey, the Turkish Minister at Washington. Bey is a title of respect given in Turkey to members of princely families and to sons of pashas. Pasha is a title given to the higher civil and military officers. Mehmed Ali is the son of the famous Izzet Bey, long the Sultan's secretary and adviser, a noted reactionary. On the re-proclamation of the Constitution, Izzet fled from Constantinople. Mundji Bey, Turkish Consul at New York City, has been intrusted with the affairs of the Legation pending the appointment of a new Minister. As the American Government has raised its Legation at Constantinople to ambassadorial rank, it is expected that the Turkish Government will do the same at Washington. The Empire has been summarily rid of another reactionary official in the murder of Fehmi Pasha, former President of the Council of the State, the Sultan's adopted nephew, and a man of unscrupulous character; he had grown rich by establishing gambling saloons in the capital. The former Cabinet of the Sultan has resigned, and some of its members have been arrested. A new Cabinet has been appointed, composed for the most part of Young Turk sympathizers, and headed by Kiamil Pasha as Grand Vizier. He is a veteran Liberal, and has twice suffered exile for his opinions. One of the members of the new Ministry is a Greek and one an Armenian. More striking still is the fact that the Ministry comprises two Christians. Let us hope that the gratifying recognition given to the factors of race and religion will be an earnest of a future of freedom, and that it will not unduly complicate the present situation.

⁂

Make Haste Slowly

Flushed with victory, the Young Turks show some signs of going too far. Their secret campaign of many years has been conducted with consummate cleverness, but, now that they are in the saddle, the more impulsive of them are making imprudent speeches. Not only have these persons told the European Powers to keep "hands off" in Macedonia, but they have assured the Christians in that region, as well as the Armenians in Asia Minor and the Jews in Palestine, that their just demands will be satisfied. It will be difficult to do any one of these three things; and yet the events of the past week have justified some of the Young Turks' assurances. The principal European Powers interested in Macedonia have acceded to the demands of the new Turkish Government, giving it a free hand there. The Armenians have publicly held a meeting in Constantinople itself in commemoration of the martyrs who fell victims to Turkish vengeance: the Armenian national hymn was sung; it had been suppressed for generations. The hopes of the Jews abroad have been chiefly aroused in connection with the question of Zionism. They expect the new Government's own interests will be best served by giving to the Jews the permanent habitations under their own government for which they yearn. While the new Constitution recognizes Mohammedanism as the State's official religion, other creeds are now to be made equally free. All subjects are declared equal, and Jews, with others, may exercise the right of suffrage, together with the privilege of contesting for and occupying seats in the Parliament. If any of the prominent Zionist leaders abroad were Turkish subjects, much more might be expected of the future of Zionism. Macedonians, Armenians, and Jews may be well advised not to expect their particular wrongs to be righted before the nation as a whole, and not merely the Young Turks, shall have shown a real capacity for self-government. For it must be remembered that the official, political, and religious influences against constitutional government have not been destroyed merely because the Sultan has capitulated to the army.

⁂

Japan and Korea

Conflicting advices continue to come from Korea regarding Japanese rule there. We learn from one source of information that the Japanese have declared their intention of making good the losses of the Russian War in exploiting profitably the Korean gold, copper, coal, and iron mines, the timber trade on the Yalu River, the fisheries off the Korean coasts, the yields of rice, barley, peas, and beans, and, finally, the new railway, telegraph, and telephone concessions. From these avenues of wealth foreigners, we learn, are to be excluded; the editor of the Korea Review declares that Japan is now putting her goods into Korea, duty free, in direct violation of her treaty obligations. The author of the latest book on Korea also declares, after personal investigation, that prisoners are still kept chained together in conditions of unspeakable filth and degradation. On the other hand, we have the official statements of Prince Ito, Japanese Resident-General in Korea, declaring the intention of Japan to govern Korea in accordance with the most enlightened standards. We also have the statement of Dr. Ladd, until recently Prince Ito's adviser: "I am only citing the words of the American business man longest on the ground, Mr. Townsend, of Chemulpo, when I say that foreigners who are seeking to do legitimate business in Korea are amply satisfied with the opportunities under the Japanese Protectorate." It is true, however, that there is still great dejection throughout Korea. This was to be expected; for in business, politics, and education, corruption has been the common note. In the schools an occasional scandal lifts the cover and reveals the terrible condition of immorality still existing among the students; the helplessness of the teachers was never before more apparent. As to politics, prefectural assemblies have been completely disorganized owing to the arrest and imprisonment of many of their members for accepting bribes in connection with public works. While a few Japanese political agents in Korea, and the many Japanese coolies who have swarmed thither, have not been distinguished by any very great moral purpose, while they have pandered to Korean degeneracy and bullied Korean helplessness, yet two recent incidents indicate the general purpose of those in supreme authority to administer the country for the best interests of the people. First, the Japanese have now paid all the Koreans who lost land when the railways were constructed, and thus much money has been put into the country as well as additional evidence of good faith. More important still is the appointment of Judge Watanabe as the head of the Judicial Department in Korea. Judge Watanabe is not only an eminent lawyer, but is one of the most active and influential Christians in Japan. He is a Presbyterian, and has been the President of the Yokohama Young Men's Christian Association.

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A Brave Historic Church

The First Evangelical Church of Constantinople is the historic and parent church of all the Armenian evangelical churches. It came into being in 1846 as the necessary consequence of the ostracism and boycotting by the National Armenian Church of all Armenians suspected of evangelical leanings. It became necessary to gather these outcasts into a formally organized church in order, under the Turkish system, to secure for them any sort of civil rights or protection. This church was thus born of persecution, in poverty and weakness. It has never been rich in anything but faith. It never had a house of worship of its own until it was over sixty years old. It never owned a site until it had been in existence fourteen years. Then for forty-seven years it had a site with no house because of official opposition and interference, poverty, and a long period of divided counsels. For twenty-five years it had no regular pastor. Yet it held together, continued to live, has revived into a new activity, and has at last come into its long-hoped-for house and a new, aggressive usefulness. Sixteen years ago Dr. Cyrus Hamlin took up the work of raising a fund for building. By hard work in his old age (he was in his eighty-first year) he raised over $10,000, which grew in time to $13,200. It was a labor of love; but he never saw, on earth, the fruit of his labors. The permit to build was refused, on one pretext or another, until four years ago. Last year, in the sixty-second year of the church's history, it moved into the new sanctuary. But it has no organ, no school furniture, no Young Men's Christian Association or lecture equipment, and it has a debt. It needs $4,000 at least; $3,000 for the organ and furniture, $1,000 for the debt. It is now making an effort to raise this amount. This is a brave historic church, and the $13,000 raised by its own members means a great amount of sacrifice and devotion. A building will be a worthy monument to Dr. Hamlin's memory in the city to whose enfranchisement and elevation he gave his life. The time, in conjunction with the granting of a constitutional government to a long-oppressed people, is opportune. Interested readers can get further and fuller information by addressing Professor A. D. F. Hamlin, Columbia University, New York City.

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A Religious Singer

Associated for years with Dwight L. Moody, Ira D. Sankey, who died last week just before the close of his sixty-eighth year, was undoubtedly a leader in one of the notable religious movements in history. All over the English-speaking world a generation ago the names of Moody and Sankey were almost a synonym of evangelism. In this movement Mr. Moody was the preacher. He it was who proclaimed the message. Mr. Sankey by his songs enabled his hearers to seize the message with their emotions. It is true that Mr. Moody did not leave his hearers unmoved; it is true also that Mr. Sankey presented doctrines in verse; but, after all, Mr. Moody directed himself mainly to his hearers' understanding, Mr. Sankey to their feelings. The music which Mr. Sankey used was not of a high order; it was not to be compared with the music of other great religious movements—with the psalm tunes of the English and Scotch reformers or the chorales of Luther. Indeed, these "Gospel songs" created a school of religious music that has done much to deprive the worship in thousands of churches and Sunday-schools of the fundamental element of reverence. Nevertheless, Mr. Sankey's music did serve a purpose which music of another sort could not have served; if it did not tend to lift the thoughts of people upward, it did stir the sluggish wills of thousands. One of his most widely known tunes (a setting of the hymn "There were Ninety and Nine") he improvised at a great public service. All his tunes were essentially improvisations. Mr. Sankey was not a trained musician; but he had a gift of melody, and this gift he used in the service of his fellow-men.

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The Deceased Wife's Sister

A recent decision of the Court of Arches—the Church of England's court of appeal in ecclesiastical law cases—puts a check on the ultra opposers of the Act of Parliament legitimating marriage with a deceased wife's sister, which was passed last summer after years of contention. Some ultraists gave notice at that time of intention to do what the Court has now forbidden. Last October, upon advice of his diocesan, the Bishop of Norwich, the vicar of Eaton informed a couple whose marriage had been legitimated by that Act that, if they presented themselves for Holy Communion, he would refuse them. They were persons of established position and reputation—the husband being manager of the Norwich street-car lines—and their character was admitted to be unblemished except in the vicar's view of their marriage. This, he held, made them "notorious and evil livers" within the meaning of the rubric which forbids the admission to the sacrament of persons so described. This contention was stoutly upheld by the vicar's counsel at the trial. The Dean of Arches, Sir Lewis T. Dibdin, in delivering judgment said that the phrase "notorious and evil liver" was intended to describe a person whose conduct was in conflict with the moral code of Christendom, and could not reasonably be used to stigmatize a marriage sanctioned by the law of the land. Consequently the action of the vicar was unjustifiable; he must be admonished for repelling the plaintiffs, and also admonished to refrain from similar acts in future. It may need to be stated that the "law of God" by which the vicar conceived his conscience bound is derived from an ecclesiastical interpretation of the prohibited degrees of relationship named in Leviticus xviii.

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The American Battle-ship Fleet in Australia

Admiral Sperry's sixteen battle-ships made the long voyage from San Francisco to New Zealand—over six thousand miles—including the one stop at the Hawaiian Islands, without mishap of any kind; and so well did everything work that the fleet arrived at Auckland, the cable says, in better shape than when it started. So perfect was the voyage from Honolulu that only twice did a ship fall out of line, while with this trifling exception the ships maintained their formation, sailing two hundred and fifty yards apart, all the way. It is interesting also to learn that the saving in coal consumption has been carried to such a point that the fleet's steaming radius has been extended about one-third. Target practice will be held in the Philippines. The naval authorities agree that, so far from interrupting drill and minor maneuvers, the cruise has been of immense value in all branches of naval work. The reception at Auckland last week and that which is going on in Sydney this week have been without parallel in cordiality and in the variety of decoration, illumination, parades, salutes, fireworks, government balls, public school demonstrations, and all conceivable kinds of festivities. The interchange of assurances of international friendliness between the British officials and the American officers has been evidently something more than a mere formality, and Admiral Sperry's declaration that the common interest of Great Britain and the United States in the Pacific is growing in magnitude daily, and that the two countries would stand together for the maintenance of the principles of the Hague Peace Conference, was received with serious approval.

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The American Farmer

How can the life of the farm family be made less solitary, fuller of opportunity, freer from drudgery, more comfortable, happier, and more attractive?

How can life on the farm be kept on the highest level, and where it is not already on that level be so improved, dignified, and brightened as to awaken and keep alive the pride and loyalty of the farmer's boys and girls, of the farmer's wife, and of the farmer himself?

How can the desire to live on the farm be aroused in the children who are born on the farm?

These queries, stated in President Roosevelt's own words, have been kept close in mind by him; indeed, no subject except one has been closer to his thought than that of rural life. As he says: "With the single exception of the conservation of our natural resources, which underlies the problem of rural life, there is no other material question of greater importance now before the American people."

Mr. Roosevelt has now appointed a Commission, to report some months hence, on the present conditions of agricultural and farm life. The commissioners asked to serve are Professor L. H. Bailey, of the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca; Henry Wallace, of Wallace's Farmer, Des Moines, Iowa; Kenyon L. Butterfield, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Massachusetts; Gifford Pinchot, Forester in the United States Department of Agriculture; and Walter H. Page, editor of The World's Work, of New York City. The President's immediate purpose in appointing the new Commission is to secure from it such information and advice as will enable him to make recommendations to Congress.

There are three reforms necessary in American rural life: educational, economic, social.

As to the first, we are not surprised that, in his announcement of the Commission's appointment, the President foreshadows an undoubted suggestion from it—the redirection of rural elementary schools. Our present schools still represent urban rather than rural interests; they need the addition of practical agricultural education.

On the economic side, the President mentions the desirability of union between National and State agricultural departments and the farmers' independent organizations; nor does he fail to mention the benefit to be derived from co-operation among farmers in buying, selling, and borrowing. Statistics abundantly prove the desirability of co-operation where farmers have grouped themselves together for the purchase at wholesale of fertilizers and agricultural implements, for the sale of grain, fruit, dairy, and other products, for the transportation of some of these by "preference freights"—trains which make time equaled only by passenger trains—and, finally, for the laying of electric railways over country roads. These farmers have thus added appreciably to their assets. Meanwhile county and State governments have helped in building and bettering the highways, and the Federal Government has helped in instituting and extending rural free delivery. Nevertheless, many farmers are suffering because of the hardship in getting proper labor. Their own children do not stay on the farm, and native labor is becoming scarcer. While the condition of the farmers in the very best agricultural regions may leave little to be desired, the general increase in well-being among American agriculturists has not kept pace with that of the country as a whole.

In the improvement of the farmer's home and social life more needs to be done than in the improvement of his economic condition. The farmer's children are attracted to city and not to country life. Industrial communities have become more prominent than agricultural communities, and are often more attractive to the young. One reason why European laborers maintain their loyalty to agriculture is because the farmers clump their residences together in little villages—originally necessary for mutual defense—and thus help themselves in their home economics and in all their domestic, social, business, and hygienic interests. In The Outlook's opinion, more local centers of agriculture are needed in America. Electric railway extension now makes these possible. Their establishment may partly answer the President's query as to how present isolation may be overcome. Schools may educate more practically, and economic co-operation may insure greater profits. But the economic problem is in process of solution; the social problem remains. In its solution we need not go from one extreme to the other, and no longer have lonely farm-houses, even were that possible. The great majority in America must remain isolated. But, as economic co-operation is solving one agricultural problem, so a social getting-together must solve another.

One of President Roosevelt's most far-reaching acts has been his appointment of this new Commission. Through its admirable personnel there should come about, by recommendation through it to him, and by him to Congress, and consequent legislation, a promotion of economic welfare, and especially of home and social unity among our farmers, so that the children born on the farm will remain there instead of going to the towns. For our greatest agricultural need is, not crops, but men.

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Welding the Races

The Lambeth Conference of the Anglican Church, which has just closed its sessions, is reported to have averred in its declaration of principles that "all races of people, whatever their language and conditions, must be welded into one body, and the organization of different races living side by side into separate or independent churches on the basis of race or color is inconsistent with the vital and essential principle of the unity of Christ's Church." The figure, if it is significant, not merely careless, condemns the principle affirmed. In welding, two pieces of iron are heated red hot and then hammered together on the anvil. The attempt to hammer together two races, by compelling them to share in the same educational, religious, and political organizations, has resulted disastrously in this country, and is likely to result disastrously wherever it is attempted. The unity of Christ's Church is very desirable. But liberty in Christ's Church is quite as desirable. And the attempt to sacrifice liberty to unity can only result in sacrificing both.

It is quite conceivable that a way may be found by which separate if not independent churches organized on the basis of race or color may be united in one general body. The Southern States in this country have accomplished this educationally. The negro children are always taught in separate schools. But the negro schools and the white schools are part of a common school system, supported and controlled by the State. This has not been accomplished without difficulty, nor without some peril to the negro schools. White prejudice has made repeated attempts to lessen the appropriation to the negro schools and to lower their educational studies; but hitherto without success. If all that the Lambeth Conference means is that it is desirable that the various separate churches, organized on the basis of race or color, should have some sort of organic unity, so that co-operation in their common endeavor for the spiritual development of the world may be promoted, no one will be inclined to dispute the affirmation. So far as the experience of this country is concerned, that principle is, we believe, generally recognized by the different denominations, though not uniformly acted on. But if the Conference means, as uninterpreted the words would seem to mean, that the organization of Christ's followers in separate bodies for work and worship is to be condemned, the averment not only contradicts experience, but in making it the Churchmen fall into an error not uncommon among reformers: they lose sight of the object which they should always keep in view, and fasten their attention exclusively on a means which they are determined to employ.

The object of the Church in its dealing with subject or foreign races—the reader will observe that we do not say inferior races—is to aid them in promoting a spirit of self-dependence and self-control. Self-dependence and self-control are not the sum of all the virtues, but all the virtues are dependent on them. And they cannot be developed by any policy which keeps the developing race under the tutelage of another race. It is certain that the white people in the United States will not consent to put themselves under the tutelage of the African race; and equally certain that Englishmen will not put themselves under the tutelage of the African race in South Africa, the East Indian race in India, or the Mongolian race in China. This is the secret of and this is the justification for the American insistence on separate schools for whites and negroes. It is certain that the whites will not send their children to be taught by negro teachers; nor will they go themselves to church to be instructed by negro preachers. Call this a prejudice if you will, it is still a fact. The prejudice will not be overcome by a futile attempt to compel white children to take their instruction from negro teachers or white congregations to accept the spiritual leadership of negro preachers. The only result will be that the white children will stay away from the schools and the white worshipers from the church. Pieces of iron can be welded together because they have no power of resistance; but pieces of humanity cannot be welded together by any such process of external pressure. The more they are hammered the less inclined they are to weld.

If negroes and whites are to attend the same school, the teachers will be white. If negroes and preachers are to attend the same church, the preachers will be white. A policy which prohibits separate schools and separate churches, if it could be carried out, would, in America, prohibit all preferment, educational or religious, to the negro race. It would keep them dependent on the white man's tutelage. Under guise of respecting their equality, it would keep them subordinate. Imagining that it provided for their best development, it would discourage and delay, if it did not absolutely prevent, that development. This it would do by three co-operative influences. It would do all that could be done to promote in the negro race the idea that they are dependent on the white race for their development, and so would do nothing to promote and something to hinder the spirit of self-dependence and self-development. It would discourage men and women of ability from the attempt to become the leaders of their race, since in an educational and religious organization which forbade the separation of the races they could not become educational or religious leaders of their own people, unless they could accomplish the impossible, overcome all prejudices, and make themselves the leaders of both races. And it would put the negro race under white leaders whose aim naturally, and almost necessarily, would be, not to develop them in harmony with their own race characteristics, but to make them over into white folk with colored skins.

What is true in the United States is equally true in South Africa, India, and China—in brief, wherever vitally different races are living in the same community. Welding them together is exactly what never can be done and never should be attempted. Each race should be encouraged in its own self-development, and the brotherhood of the races should be left for time and intellectual and religious education to accomplish. It will never be accomplished by attempting to hammer them together.

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The Three Questions of Life

II—What Do You Know?

That is the question Life puts to every one; and we do not have to live long to understand that under the system of the world we are punished as unerringly for our ignorance as for our offenses. This is the question of life and death. Probably half the deaths that do not come from old age are due to ignorance. It is knowledge organized into sanitation, dietetic regimen, medicine, surgery, that has so wonderfully reduced those terrible death-rates of mediæval times, and will reduce them still more in the days that are to come.

You are with a friend in a boat, and you rise to change places. He falls overboard; then Life stands by your side and says, "What do you know? Can you swim?" And if you can swim, then that person's life is saved; if you cannot, that person's life may be lost. Or perhaps, after fifteen minutes or half an hour, he is taken from the water, pale and limp; and then Life stands beside you again, and says, "What do you know?" And if you know, you may resuscitate him, even when it looks as if he had passed through the Portals of Death.

You are in a great crowd and some one raises the cry of "Fire!" There is a panic. Then Life stands beside you and says, "Do you know how to command yourself, and to control others?" And on your answer to that question will depend, perhaps, the lives of half a hundred people. You are face to face with hard conditions, and torn with great perplexity; and Life stands beside you and says, "Do you know how to think clearly, coolly, and courageously?" That is the question that faces the statesman when he confronts, not his constituency, which no statesman has any business to think of when there is a principle involved, but a general situation and a large policy. It is the question that confronts the physician whenever he stands beside a patient; and on his knowledge or his ignorance, again and again, life depends. It is the question that confronts the preacher when he stands in the pulpit. Not, How much do you know of formal theology, or of the history of the Church? but, "What do you know of the lives of these people in front of you? How much do you know of their temptations, of their burdens, of their aspirations? Do you know how to inspire, console, and help them?"

It is the question that confronts the teacher when he is dealing with what the school calls a "stupid" boy. Life says, "Do you know whether this boy is really dull, or whether there is sleeping ability here which you may awaken?" Or, if he is dealing with what the world calls a "bright" boy, Life stands beside him and says, "Do you know whether this is real intelligence, or whether it is all on the surface; whether there is no real depth of soil, as so often happens; or whether there is great force of character?" It is the question that confronts the mother every day in her household when she is dealing with the different temperaments of her children.

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Open the Doors

There are many of us in the different Protestant sects who are drifting away from our faith. Some have gone into Christian Science, others are slowly becoming atheists, while many who have suffered greatly or have sinned are turning to the Roman Catholic Church, whose doors are always open for those in distress who wish to enter.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale says: "Form the habit of going off by yourself at a fixed hour every day to see what God has to say to you." But where shall one go? Among the familiar surroundings of our daily life it is hard to find the peace which praying in a quiet church can bring. With but few exceptions, the Roman Catholic churches are the only ones that are always open. It is hard to see why this should be so. During cold winter days it would be a charity to leave the church doors open; it would cost little to keep a man there and the furnace going. If not in every church, it might at least be done in all the churches on the more frequented streets. The rich and the poor alike could enter into the warmth and quiet, out of the bleak winds and bustling streets. We cannot have the beautiful old pictures and valuable ornaments of the Catholic church, so that there would be nothing for any one to steal. The heat of the summer is quite as bad as the cold of the winter. In the crowded streets and busy stores one's head whirls with the noise, and there is never a chair for the weary shopper. Perhaps the girls themselves, worn with standing behind counters and listening to endless questions, would appreciate a few moments of rest and peace before hurrying home to supper. Who knows what good impulses might come to them in a quiet place?

Suppose I live in the country and it is not convenient for me to go to town at just such a minute, or that necessary work fills up the Sunday morning, must there be no church for me except the Roman Catholic? Suppose I have done wrong and feel repentant, it would surely make a deeper impression if I could seek forgiveness in the church while I feel the sorrow for the wrong-doing, rather than wait until a Sunday. Am I to have no quiet moments for communing with God? Am I to go to church when the spirit moves, or must I so train my spirit that it will only move me on a Sunday, when the bells are ringing?

Part of my life I have lived abroad, all one summer in a town where there were but two churches, one a Greek, the other a Roman Catholic. Although no Catholic, I went far oftener to the Roman church, for it was always open and I felt better for going. I could wander in at any time and there were no curious eyes to stare, only a lonely soul or two in sympathy with mine. The peace in itself gives one strength to go out again into the world, helped by the untroubled prayer which comes from one's real self.

Ceremonies appeal to some, revival meetings to others, but there comes, sooner or later, to all, a weary, discouraged moment when one wants to be alone with God. Good ministers, I plead with you, open the doors to us. ISABEL ANDERSON.

We heartily indorse this letter. The church ought not to be treated simply as an audience-room for congregations. It ought to be open for private worship, meditation, and rest, especially in towns and cities. In this respect the Roman Catholic Church has set an example which Protestant churches would do well to follow. There are, it is true, some communities where there would be no practical utility in such a church opening. The Meeting-House in a purely agricultural neighborhood would probably not be used at all. But in many villages, in most manufacturing towns, and in all cities, it would be used, and the use would increase with the facilities afforded.

Our correspondent, however, should know that a great many non-Catholic churches in all parts of the country are now open continuously. This is certainly true of a great number of the Episcopal churches in the Eastern States. We do not know whether it is equally true in the cities of the West. Nor is this opening of the church doors confined to the Episcopal churches. Other Protestant denominations are gradually following the example. There is opportunity, however, for a great enlargement of this custom, and we are quite sure that the more the churches are opened the more they would be used. As it is, he who goes into an Episcopal church in New York City almost any week day between the hours of nine in the morning and five in the afternoon will find two or three persons quietly sitting in solitude in the pews, perhaps worshiping, perhaps meditating, perhaps listening to the voice of the Father, perhaps simply resting.

In some of our churches this opening of the doors for personal meditation and rest is accompanied with brief week-day services which attract the passer-by and promote the habit of entering the church and finding in it a spiritual home. Grace Church, New York, standing at what used to be called the head of Broadway, a little below Union Square, is, by reason of its location, peculiarly fitted for such service. For years there has been here a brief Friday noonday service, 12:30–1 o'clock, besides morning and evening prayers at 9 A.M. and 4:30 P.M. from October to June. The Friday service is held throughout the year. Recently there has been added a daily noonday service during the winter months. In 1906–7 in twenty-five weeks there was a total attendance at this noonday service of 29,967 persons; that is, the reader wil see, an average of over a thousand a week. One result of this open church service is a great increase of calls upon the assistant minister for counsel and comfort—a kind of Protestant confessional. To meet this end a clergyman and a deaconess are constantly on duty. Those who attend these services are of all classes and conditions— those out of work, those who do not have to work at all and easily tire of their purposeless time, and those actively engaged in work, who hurry through their luncheon that they may give part of the lunch hour to refreshment of the spirit.

It is not in every locality, perhaps not even in many localities, that this particular form of service could be maintained; but the success achieved in Grace Church furnishes at least a hint to pastors of other churches, in other localities, of the possibility of extending the usefulness of their church building, and of their own services, by making the building available for quiet devotion to the comparatively few, and by rendering the pastor accessible to souls in need of counsel or comfort. Writes the Rector's Assistant of Grace Church to us, in answer to inquiry respecting this service: "The people want it, and they attend it, and though we are all much harder worked, we are all profoundly happier than ever before." Protestant pastors might find in very many cases some form of this method of rendering themselves accessible to those who want to see them an advantageous substitute for the older fashion of pastoral visits from house to house, which have become, in many cases, merely formal calls, of no very great value or interest to either the pastor or the family.

GROVER CLEVELAND AND THE COAL STRIKE

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Oyster Bay, N. Y., August 6, 1908.

To the Editor of The Outlook:

A friend has just called my attention to a clipping from the New York Sun, seemingly of about a fortnight ago, containing what purports to be an extract from a private letter of the late Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson to Mr. George Harvey, written in April, 1906, and printed in Harper's Weekly on the day of the issue of the Sun. This clipping runs in part as follows:

> The truth about the letter of Mr. Cleveland accepting a place on Mr. Roosevelt's commission has never appeared. When in 1904 Mr. Cleveland was spoken of as a possible candidate, certain Republican leaders, especially one editor, announced that there existed a letter from Mr. Cleveland, intimating that it was an acceptance of an appointment on the coal arbitration committee, which would be published if Mr. Cleveland were nominated by the Democrats. The truth is that Mr. Cleveland was never offered a position on this commission, and therefore never accepted it. There seems to have been some confusion in Mr. Roosevelt's own mind about it, and the idea that Mr. Cleveland had consented to be a member of the commission was studiously encouraged and spread abroad by interested Republicans.
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> Mr. Cleveland gave me an account of the whole affair, so far as his own connection with it was concerned. Moved by the suffering, especially of people of moderate means who were living about him in Princeton, he wrote to Mr. Roosevelt a letter which apparently he regrets now to have sent him. In this letter Mr. Cleveland told the President that he thought that the two opposing bodies should be asked, in the interest of the public, to agree to a truce, and that during this truce some investigation should be made of the situation. It was a letter that he wrote under the strong feeling that the suffering of the people about him had aroused. Shortly afterward, when Mr. Roosevelt determined to take some action, he wrote to Mr. Cleveland asking him to be a member of a commission to investigate conditions. As Mr. Cleveland had written the first letter, he felt that he had put himself in the power of the President, or had given the President a right to call upon him, and, saying so, told Mr. Roosevelt that he would accept. His letter had hardly reached Washington when he received a telegram from Mr. Roosevelt saying that it would not be necessary to call upon him. This pleased Mr. Cleveland very much.
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> Then Mr. Roosevelt decided upon another course, and upon the appointment of a committee of arbitration—the composition of which and the purpose of which and the result of the deliberation of which we are all familiar with—it appeared to have got into Mr. Roosevelt's mind that he had offered Mr. Cleveland a place on this commission. Subsequently, when the two met at some function, Mr. Roosevelt said to Mr. Cleveland that he had tried very hard to have him appointed one of the commissioners, but that the labor unions or the coal operators, one or the other or both, desired representatives of certain professions or branches of government appointed. Upon hearing this Mr. Cleveland said to Mr. Roosevelt that he had never accepted a position on such a commission; he added that he would never have taken such a place, and that under no circumstances would he have consented to be a member of such a commission. Not long afterward the two met somewhere else and Mr. Roosevelt repeated his remark about his desiring to appoint Mr. Cleveland a member of the arbitration commission. Then Mr. Cleveland said to him, "Why, Roosevelt, I have already told you that I never would have accepted a place on such a commission; it was an entirely different commission that you proposed to me, and it was on that differ-

ent commission that I reluctantly consented to act, but I never could have been induced to be one of the arbitrators."

Mr. Cleveland was offered a position on the commission as I originally intended to form it, and accepted it, and he never had any such conversations with me as those quoted in the latter part of the article, and never said to me anything remotely resembling what he is there alleged to have said. As a matter of fact, I do not for a moment believe that there is any truth in the allegation that he told Mr. Nelson that he had made such statements; for the following letters show that Mr. Nelson's allegation simply amounts to an attack on Mr. Cleveland's good faith. The facts of the case are as follows:

On October 3, 1902, I held a meeting in Washington between the coal operators and the strikers to endeavor to get them to come to an agreement or to submit their differences to some outside body of men. The strikers were willing to do as I suggested, provided the operators would also consent; but the operators refused to consent, and on the whole showed much more violence in the interview with me than the strikers did; and these facts were made public in the papers next day, by some of the operators themselves. Immediately on seeing them Mr. Cleveland wrote me the following letter:

Princeton, October 4, 1902.

My dear Mr. President:

I read in the paper this morning on my way home from Buzzards Bay, the newspaper account of what took place yesterday between you and the parties directly concerned in the coal strike.

I am so surprised and "stirred up" by the position taken by the contestants that I cannot refrain from making a suggestion which perhaps I would not presume to make if I gave the subject more thought. I am especially disturbed and vexed by the tone and substance of the operators' deliverances.

It cannot be that either side, after your admonition to them, cares to stand in their present plight, if any sort of an avenue, even for temporary escape, is suggested to them.

Has it ever been proposed to them that the indignation and dangerous condemnation now being cannonaded against both their houses might be allayed by the production of coal in an amount, or for a length of time, sufficient to serve the purposes of consumers, leaving the parties to the quarrel, after such necessities are met, to take up the fight again where they left off "without prejudice" if they desire?

This would eliminate the troublesome consumer and public; and perhaps both operators and miners would see enough advantage in that, to induce them to listen to such a proposition as I have suggested.

I know there would be nothing philosophical or consistent in all this; but my observation leads me to think that when quarreling parties are both in the wrong, and are assailed with blame so nearly universal, they will do strange things to save their faces.

If you pardon my presumption in thus writing you, I promise never to do it again. At any rate it may serve as an indication of the anxiety felt by millions of our citizens on the subject.

I have been quite impressed by a pamphlet I have lately read, by a Mr. Champlin of Boston, entitled I believe "The Coal Mines and the People." I suppose you have seen it.[1]

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

To the President.

I immediately answered him describing among other things the attitude of the operators at the conference and their refusal to consider what I regarded as Mr. Mitchell's entirely fair proposition, and continued:

I think I shall now tell Mitchell that if the miners will go back to work I will appoint a commission to investigate the whole situation, and will do whatever in my power lies to have the findings of such commission favorably acted upon. This seems to be . . . the best step at the moment to take. I feel the gravest apprehension concerning the misery pending over so many people this winter and the consequent rioting which may, and probably will, ensue.

Immediately afterwards Mr. Cleveland wrote me asking me to be his guest when I came on to Princeton, which I was then intending to do. I answered on October 10 explaining that because of an injury from which I had not recovered I would not be able to go to Princeton; and I then continued, stating that I was about to ask him to render a service which I knew he would be reluctant to undertake, and which I only asked because I felt we were in the midst of so serious a crisis and one so deeply affecting the welfare of our people. I continued:

My efforts to get the operators and miners to agree failed, chiefly through the fault of the operators. I then asked the miners to go back to work so that the pressing necessities of the public might be met, promising at once to appoint such a commission as Mr. Mitchell had suggested, and stating that I would do all in my power to have the recommendations of that commission adopted, of course meaning that I should do all in my power to have whatever legislation they advocated enacted, as well as backing up their recommendations in all other ways. But Mitchell refused on behalf of the miners to entertain this proposition. . . . I shall now direct Carroll D. Wright to make a full and careful investigation. . . . I wish to join with him two eminent men—men of such character that save in a crisis like this I would not dream of appealing to them to render any Government service. In all the country there is no man whose name would add such weight to this inquiry as would yours. I earnestly beg you to say that you will accept.

---

[1] This was a pamphlet recommending exceedingly radical action against the operators; far more radical action than I took.

To this Mr. Cleveland wrote on October 12 as follows:

Princeton, October 12, 1902.

My dear Mr. President:

Since the receipt of your letter yesterday I have given its subject matter serious consideration.

You rightly appreciate my reluctance to assume any public service. I am also quite certain that if my advice was asked as to the expediency of naming me in the connection you mention, I should, as a matter of judgment, not favor it.

I cannot, however, with proper deference to your opinion, consider this phase of the question as open to discussion. I have therefore felt that I had only to determine whether your request involved a duty which I ought not to avoid, and whether my engagements and the present demands upon my time would permit me to undertake it.

So far as the latter are concerned this is my situation: I am to take part and say something at President Wilson's inauguration on the 25th inst., and I have agreed to do the same at the opening of the new building of the Chamber of Commerce in New York on the 11th of November. My preparation for the inaugural exercises is complete; but for the other occasion it is hardly begun. I am absurdly slow in such work.

I have no idea of the time which would be exacted by a compliance with your request, nor how early you would expect a result from the Commission.

I feel so deeply the gravity of the situation, and I so fully sympathize with you in your efforts to remedy present sad conditions, that I believe it is my duty to undertake the service if I can do so and keep the engagements I have already made.

This I will leave for your decision—only suggesting that I ought to have the next week at least for preparation to keep my New York engagement.

If after reading this you shall notify me that you still think I can undertake the duty you suggest, will you deem it amiss if I hint that I should be glad to know who the third member of the Commission will be?

Your obedient servant,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

The President,
Washington, D. C.

In this letter I call attention to the fact that he expressly alludes to the body on which he was to serve as a "Commission," which does away with any quibble as to the terminology. I received this letter on the 13th. I immediately wrote to a certain Federal judge asking him to be the third member of the commission; but during the next two days I finally got both the operators and the miners to consent to the appointment of the commission, which relieved me from the necessity of appointing it without their consent. The operators, however, wished the commission to be of five men instead of three, and each side insisted upon having certain categories or types of men represented on the commission; and in order to get all these types on I finally had to increase the commission to a membership of seven; and even then my efforts to get both sides to agree to abide by the decision of the commission, and meanwhile to resume work, nearly failed, for the strikers insisted upon having a labor man on the commission, and the operators positively refused to consent to such an appointment. After hours of patient negotiation I finally found that the operators really objected to the labor man being appointed *as such;* and as they wished some one of the commission to be what they called a "sociologist," I finally appointed a labor man and called him a sociologist, which, rather to my amusement, and greatly to my relief, gave entire satisfaction to both sides. I endeavored to get the consent of both sides to appoint Mr. Cleveland in place of one of the men who actually was appointed, but as he did not come under any of the categories which they had named, and as they declined to permit me to appoint him in place of one of the men included in these categories, I had to abandon the effort. Of course it would have been not merely silly, but wicked, for me to have insisted upon the appointment of any one man, at the risk of jeopardizing the agreement of the two sides to resume work and to submit the whole question to the judgment of the commission which I was about to appoint. I therefore appointed the commission, and telegraphed and wrote to Mr. Cleveland as follows:

The White House,
Washington, October 16, 1902.

Strictly personal.

Hon. Grover Cleveland, Princeton, N. J.:

Deeply grateful for your letter. Propositions that have been made since have totally changed situation so that I will not have to make the demand upon you which three days ago it seemed I would have to for the interest of the nation. I thank you most deeply and shall write you at length.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The White House,
Washington, October 16, 1902.

Personal.

My dear Mr. Cleveland:

I appreciated so deeply your being willing to accept that it was very hard for me to forego the chance of putting you on the commission. But in order to get the vitally necessary agreement between the operators and miners I found I had to consult their wishes as to the types of men. Of course I knew that it was the greatest relief to you not to be obliged to serve, but I did wish to have you on, in the first place, because of the weight your name would have lent the commission, and in the next place, because of the effect upon our people, and especially upon our young men, of such an example of genuine self-denying patriotism—for, my dear sir, your service would have meant all this. I do not know whether you understand how heartily I thank you and appreciate what you have done.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hon. Grover Cleveland,
Princeton, N. J.

The above correspondence shows not only that Mr. Cleveland accepted my offer to put him on the commission, but that he actually accepted it at a time when the appointment of this commission was not acquiesced in by either operators or miners, and when, therefore, every argument made by the ultra-conservatives against the appointment of the commission applied with a hundred-fold greater force than when the commission was actually appointed.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE BASKET

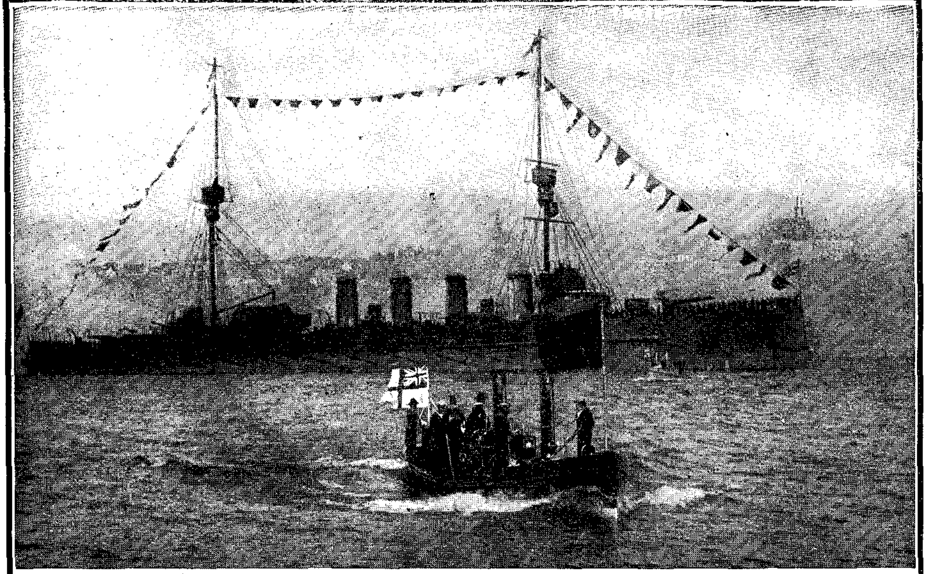
BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

Into the basket of thy day
Put each thing good and each thing gay
That thou canst find along thy way.

Neglect no joy, however small,
And it shall verily befall
Thy day can scarcely hold them all.

Within the basket of thy day
Let nothing evil find its way,
And let no frets and worries stay.

So shall each day be brave and fair,
Holding of joy its happy share
And finding blessings everywhere.



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THE PRINCE OF WALES LANDING FROM THE BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP INDOMITABLE

THE SPECTATOR

WHEN a walled city is packed so full of visitors that there is no room on the sidewalks, and crowds walk in the streets; when every hotel, boarding and lodging house is crowded; when a city of tents houses ten thousand; when hundreds of private householders come to the rescue and take in guests, and yet three and four have to be packed in a room; when the cars are jammed all day as in New York rush hours and yet most people have to walk—when all this happens, it seems superfluous to wish that that city should be ten times as full—and yet the Spectator was sorry, all the time he was in Quebec, that so many were missing the Tercentenary. So beautiful and pictorial, so martial and gallant, so historic and poetic and patriotic a series of scenes as that week in the Gibraltar of America held will not be seen again by any in this generation.

* * *

The Spectator was not of these benighted ones. He knew Quebec and he knew his own mind. Even the horrors of a sleeping-car in a July heated term did not daunt his enthusiasm; and as he stepped on the ferryboat at Levis and found himself in the midst of every variety of Tommy Atkins—Tommy Atkins in red, in gray, in kilts, with everything on his head from black bearskin to scarlet pill-boxes—his spirits rose higher with every waft of the soft rainy breeze that came down from the heights. And when he landed to find himself further in the sweep of a holiday crowd of citizens, many of them in gorgeous costume, all talking French as hard as possible, and all hastening up the gayly bedecked streets to the upper town, led by the Société de Jeunes Gens de Canada, to hang wreaths on the Champlain statue—why, the Spectator hastened along too; and from that moment forth he never stopped helping celebrate during the whole period of his stay. There was so much to celebrate—the historic side of Quebec, with its pageants; the military and naval side, with the Prince of Wales as its glittering center;

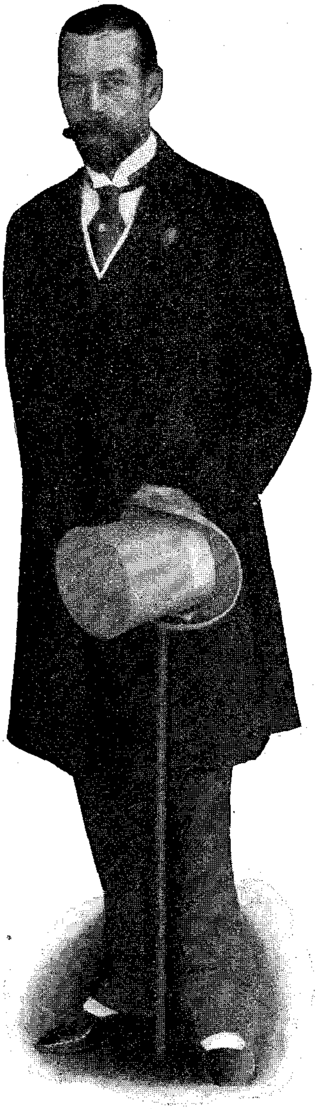
the social and festival side, with the State ball in the Parliament House and numberless dinners, fêtes, concerts, etc.; and the ecclesiastical side, with all its pomp and solemnity. Imagine Holy Week in Rome, the Carnival in New Orleans, the Hippodrome ballets, the Wild West Show, and the London Jubilee, all mixed up together in miniature, and poured out in a quaint French walled city. Throw in a fleet of war-ships from three nations, with a Royal Prince, the Vice-President of the United States, and Kipling's beloved "Bobs," with fifteen thousand gorgeous assorted troops, like a boy's dream of tin soldiers, at his back; add fireworks, regattas, illuminations, lacrosse matches, gymkanas and processions *ad lib.*, and a faint idea of the Tercentenary may be gained. But only a faint idea—the reality is indescribable.

❀

Quebec was a fairyland fortress indeed. Every narrow street, every quaint, tin-roofed house, was gay with flags and streamers. Overhead, from window to window, swung red and gold and blue banners across, with an endless variety of historic and patriotic inscriptions. Down every vista one could study history, in this picturesque style. Most of the mottoes were in French, and three-quarters of the crowd, when the Spectator first arrived, were French. The outside visitor had not yet come in any force, but all Quebec was in the open air, in holiday trim, enjoying itself and its history. The last rehearsal of the great pageants was at hand, and up the wooden sidewalks, past the château, past the citadel, out to the Plains of Abraham, trooped men, women, and children, to take part themselves or to applaud their friends. All the tickets for this last grand rehearsal had been sold long ago to the towns-people. None were to be had, the Spectator was told, for love or money. Nevertheless, the Spectator went along, for the crowd was a thing to rejoice in. Here trudged a Huron Indian in full toggery—the real thing, both Indian and toggery, for the tribe lives at Indian Lorette, not ten miles away. Here a courtier of Henri Quatre elbowed a *coureur de bois*, and a Highlander, with dirk and sporran, escorted a couple of pretty peasant girls of Frontenac's day. Soldiers and sailors mingled peacefully in, and the large French-Canadian family of some eight or ten children of assorted sizes followed its parents in scattering order everywhere. The Spectator helped to reclaim one enterprising small boy from under the cars, and thereby made the acquaintance of his stout and voluble mother, and through her of one of the performers in a purple cloak and a wig. Neither the mother, nor the boy, nor the rest of the family, nor the Spectator had any ticket, nor the hopes of one. "*Tiens*, that is nothing!" the performer assured them. He knew the doorkeeper well at the little side entrance where the actors in the pageant went in. Just a word, and they could all pass through. It was done in a moment, sure enough. The doorkeeper smiled, and was truly glad to let the friends of monsieur of the purple cloak enter. Alas! the next moment a man in office, a Briton of uncompromising type, came fiercely down upon the complaisant keeper of the gate. A war of words ensued, but—the stout lady urged her family ahead ere any action could be taken, and the Spectator, following in her wake, found himself enveloped by a crowd of friendly performers, and safe from pursuit.

❀

A great stand, holding fifteen thousand people, rose before the Spectator, with every seat filled. It fronted on an open-air theater the like of which never has been seen. A thousand feet in width, a quarter-mile in depth, stretched the grassy stage, with the St. Lawrence flowing far below on one side and the spire of a village church in the center distance, while glades and groves diversified the rest of the landscape, under a wide, softly clouded afternoon sky. The first pageant, that of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence, and the Indian tribes who welcomed him, was beginning, and a group of Huron wigwams, pitched on the grass, indicated this scene. Up from the river, pushing up by the cliff path, came Cartier and his men, a bronzed and stalwart band, bearing a tall wooden cross with the



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THE PRINCE OF WALES

lilies of France on an azure shield. This was set up with pick and spade, and possession taken of the new land in the name of France. The Indians brought their sick to Cartier, who laid his hands on them in prayer. Children were brought to him also as hostages, and the chief of the Hurons offered himself as willing to accompany the white men to the court of King Francis. It was all natural, vivid, convincing, in words and action—so much so as to seem hardly difficult to present, except in its artistic simplicity.

* * *

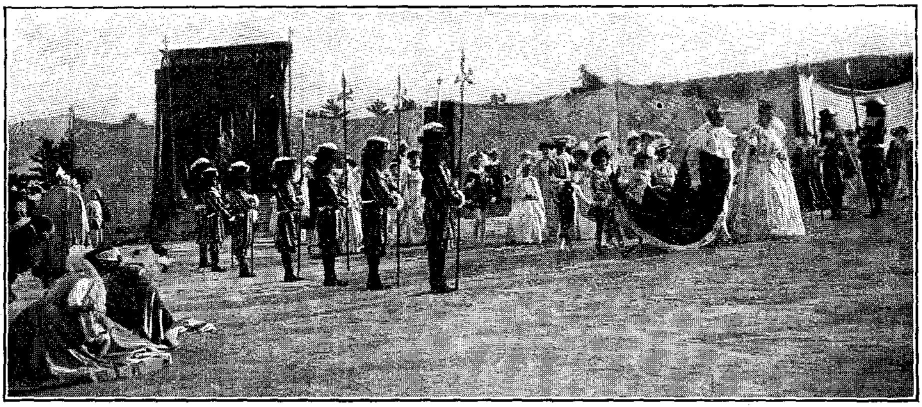
But the next scene was a different affair. A force of sailors from the war-ships in the river, acting as scene-shifters, ran forward, dragging great white vases on wheels, filled with hydrangeas. They set invisible fountains to playing in two or three graceful thickets in the middle foreground, and threw garlands of roses over the green bushes. A white balustrade, which had been lying flat along the edge of the cliff, masked by green boughs, was raised in the twinkling of an eye, and a grotesque Renaissance bust of Pan appeared as a small tree which had concealed it was whisked away. The Plains of Abraham were transformed into the gardens of Fontainebleau, and, lo! from the depths of the far green sunshiny glade came caracoling a cavalcade of lords and ladies gay, the court of Francis the First. It was fairyland. The grand stand gasped with delight and thundered with applause. On they came, the King and Queen, with pages at their bridle-rein, the horses caparisoned with velvet and gold, the courtiers in brilliant colors, the grouping and movement marvelous.

* * *

The long cavalcade swept up through a white arch and into the foreground. Then from the other side, out of the thickets along the river, came running a troop of dryads and fauns, children with vine-crowned curls and bare feet, clad in green tunics and skins hanging loosely across their brown shoulders. They drew a rustic chariot in which a dryad stood playing on a Pan's pipe. Nymphs in Grecian white, clashing golden cymbals, came dancing after them. This court ballet, at a sign, danced before the King and Queen. Then came Jacques Cartier, led forward by a courtier, to report to King Francis the discovery of a new dominion for France. With Cartier come the Huron chief and an Indian maiden. It was a superb scene, both in numbers and detail. But the next was more brilliant still.

* * *

Francis and his court rode off down the glade in splendid array. Out ran the sailors again, this time carrying a monster sheet of canvas of a wonderful blue, with golden fleur-de-lis along its edge. It must have been a hundred feet square, and it took forty-eight men, a dozen along each edge, to bring it in. As they ran full speed with it, it billowed up and down, presenting the effect of a bounding blue sea, and every one laughed and clapped. Other Jack tars—for Jack was a Jack-of-all-trades on this occasion—were busy setting up, as a background all across the stage, a tall screen of blue, powdered with golden fleur-de-lis and hung on gilt standards. A dais with blue and gold canopy was set in the center at the back. In five minutes it was all in place, and to stately music the court of Henri Quatre paced in, preceded by halberdiers in slashed raspberry, satin, and gold. The scene was ablaze with gorgeous color. The King in a mantle of azure, with golden fleur-de-lis, the Queen in silver tissue, with pale-blue ermine-lined train borne by six pages, the court ladies in glistening satins of rainbow hues, orange, blue, cerise, lilac, rose-pink, lemon, scarlet, green, and white, and accompanied by courtiers with doublets and plumed hats, the two cardinals in red, with long trains borne by pages, all moved across the royal blue of the carpet in a riot and harmony of color that made the senses ache with beauty. Eighty court ladies and their cavaliers danced the *pavane*, to the exquisite old French music of d'Arbeau—a stately and gallant dance, forerunner of the minuet. Before this magnificent court now stood forth Champlain, soldier and explorer, to receive the King's commission and follow Cartier's work by planting a colony in New France—an adventurous and dignified figure, not soon forgotten.



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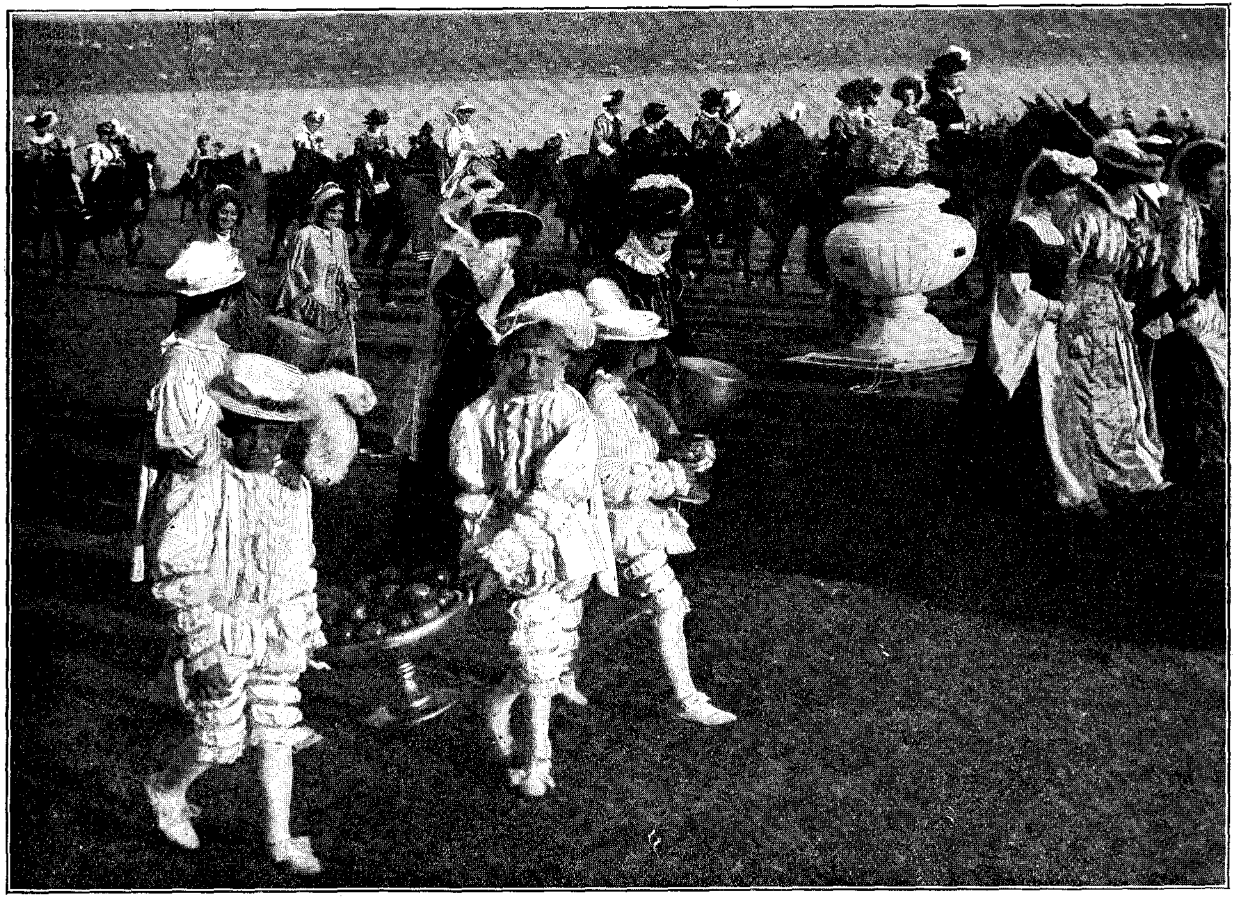
KING HENRY IV IN STATE WITH HIS QUEEN, COURTIERS, AND ATTENDANTS

⁂

After this scene there needed no stage setting for the next two. The blue carpet was carried off so swiftly by the sailors that one tripped, fell on his back amid the blue billows, and was whirled away, kicking up his heels, much to the delight of the audience. The screen was unshipped and disappeared, and nothing but the grassy sweep remained, over which the early colonists of Quebec now came to meet Champlain on his second visit to New France in 1620, with his young wife Hélène. Far down the slope the children played games on the grass. An ox-cart waited, embowered in green, to welcome the bride. The Indians, with the pipe of peace, were assembled. In the St. Lawrence, Champlain's little ship, the Don de Dieu, that Canadian Mayflower, lay at anchor, and the church bells below were chiming a welcome. Soon Champlain appeared up the path from the river, escorted by the soldiers of the colony, and leading his pretty wife by the hand. Then came the calumet dance—barbaric, plumed and painted, and most convincingly the real thing—and then the whole joyous escort trooped off behind the ox cart, singing the old French folk-song, "A la claire fontaine."

⁂

The coming of the first nuns, with Mother Marie at their head, was a simple and striking scene which evidently appealed deeply to the audience, especially when the sweet-faced, black-robed nuns gathered the eager children, both Indian and French, about them. A flock of sheep, driven across the back-



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KING FRANCIS I IN THE GARDEN OF FONTAINEBLEAU

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A GROUP OF IROQUOIS

ground by a shepherd with his crook, was a beautiful symbolic touch in this pageant. In the next, a rude stockade rose like magic on the edge of the cliff in the background—that historic stockade where Dollard and his sixteen heroes held the path against the wild Iroquois hordes, and, dying, saved New France. This scene was breathless—the chant of the little band around the camp fire, the Indian ambush, the rush of the yelling Iroquois, the glorious defense, hopeless from the first, of the frail fort, the final leap of flame and pall of smoke, the stockade down, the Iroquois over it—and then silence, broken only by the wailing death-chant of the Indians as, lifting their dead on their shoulders, they marched back to the wilderness, abandoning the war-path, since such enemies as these they dared not face again.

❀

The fifth pageant was of the Church—the reception of the Marquis de Tracy and his suite by that first great prelate of New France, the Archbishop Montmorency de Laval. Again the stage needed no setting for the slow advance of the stately ecclesiastical procession. With choir-boys and censers, acolytes and canopy, to the solemn music of the Pilgrims' Chorus, the Archbishop came to receive the King's representative, as himself the vicegerent of the King of kings. Standing forth alone, in golden miter and robes of cloth of gold, holding the tall golden crosier, he was a gorgeous and impressive figure as Tracy, in crimson velvet, knelt before him on the greensward and received his blessing. Not less impressive, though grandly simple, was the heroic figure of Père Allouez, the missionary of the Northwest, in the next pageant, where fourteen wild tribes knelt before him, around the wooden cross he had planted in the wilderness, and made submission to the Church and to France, while De Lusson and his *coureurs de bois* chanted the Te Deum and the Vexilla Regis. The defiance of that fierce old soldier, Count Frontenac, to the audacious envoy of Sir William Phips followed, and was a marvelously vivid and brilliant scene—the only one in which any English was spoken, by the way. All the later colony was mustered on the slope—men, women, children, Indians, the garrison, the officials, on foot or in calèches, to see the envoy, blindfolded, brought up from the river. As he came, the crowds pressed about him, singing mocking ballads. During all this pageant the detail of the continual movement, laughing, singing, marching, cheering, was wonderful, and the old *chansons* were delicious in their quaint broken harmonies. By this time the light was fading, and it was in a sunset hush that the last pageant began. It came up slowly, silently, over the brow of the cliff—Wolfe's own path, almost, up the Heights. First appeared the four leaders on horseback, Wolfe and Montcalm in the center,

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SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN AND HIS WIFE

Levis and Murray at the sides, and behind each his standard-bearer, with flag to the breeze. Behind them came, rank on rank, the two armies—the grenadiers of England, the infantry of France. In company and regiment, tens and hundreds, they came, circling the Plain in the fading light, with flags and banners, the armies of a sunset dream, as if risen in peace from this battlefield where they had bled and died in that long-past day. In this pageant alone no word was spoken, nothing but the silent march of the long files on the grassy slope, until they drew up in array, while behind them, filling the background, poured in all the other performers, massing in groups. Then, suddenly, the band burst forth into the national anthem of Canada—"O Canada." At the first note all the vast audience rose, and then, as one, in the sunset, all joined in the song which links the days of Cartier and of Champlain, of Dollard and of Wolfe, to the Canada of to-day:

> "O Canada! terre de nos aïeux,
> Ton front est ceint de fleurons glorieux."

❀

It was a finale that never lost its thrill. The Spectator saw it five times, and is only sorry he could not see it oftener. But Quebec was so full of a number of things that the pageants could not be held every day by any means. There was the grand military review, for example, on the Plains, where twenty-three thousand soldiers and sailors marched before the Prince—more than twice as many as Wolfe and Montcalm together had commanded on the same spot. There were a thousand sailors from each ship, and two sorts of Highlanders, each more plaided and kilted than the other, with bagpipes playing "Bonnie Dundee" and "The Campbells are Coming," and then, to the roaring, riotous drumming of "The British Grenadier," came redcoats and redcoats and more redcoats, and cavalry and artillery, and mounted police, and more Highlanders and more grenadiers and more cavalry, for an hour and a half. The Prince and Lord Roberts and the descendants of Montcalm and Murray, and countless other gold-laced individuals, were there, and it was a truly splendid show; and afterwards the Prince presented the title deeds of the Plains, to be held forever as a national park.

❀

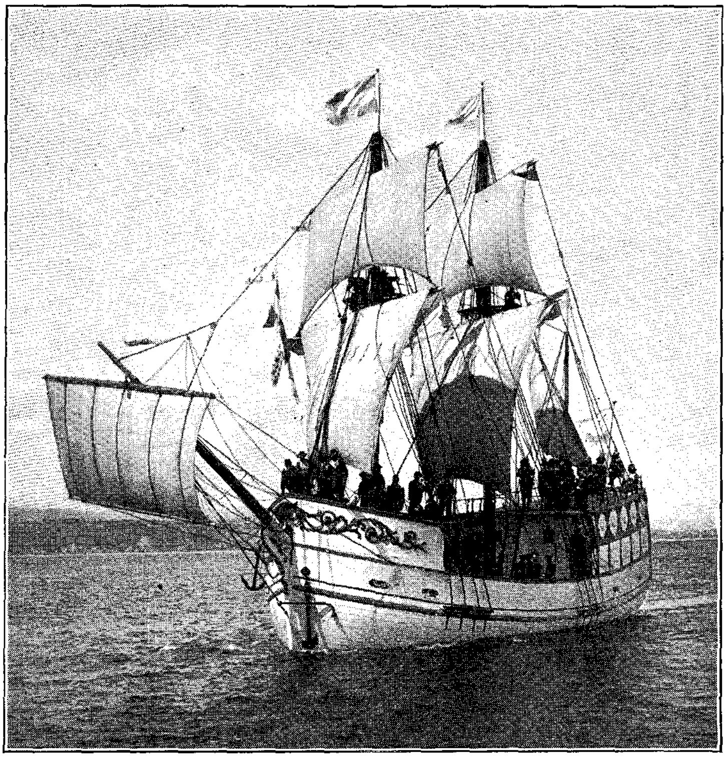
The "Messe Solennelle" on the Plains on Sunday was another function not to be missed. A large pavilion was erected, draped in red and gold, with the French, American, English, Irish, and Papal flags all a-flying from it, and the Archbishop and dozens of other dignitaries in purple and gold and crimson, and acolytes and choristers, came in splendid procession to celebrate high mass. There were hundreds of sailors from the war-ships, and soldiers from the camps, and zouaves drawn up in front, and a full military band, and a full choir, and a devout congregation of thousands upon thousands.

* * *

The Tercentenary crowd was a truly remarkable one. It kept getting bigger all the while, and ended by being about as large as the entire population of Quebec. But it was always well-behaved, good-natured, and sober. Each evening on Dufferin Terrace it was as good as a costume ball, with half a dozen war-ships lying at anchor below, the citadel looming above, and a Mardi Gras crowd let loose on the broad planking. It was all illuminated, and the band playing. Soldiers and sailors, performers in full costume, Trappist monks and Franciscan friars, passed and repassed. Impromptu processions of fifty or sixty formed every now and again, marching two abreast, and singing "O Canada" or "God Save the King." A band of American sailors swung along, whistling "Dixie." On the same bench as the Spectator, one evening, sat two Chinamen, while the man on his other side had come from Australia. It was the best place to see the fireworks and the various naval events, and not only the Terrace was full, but the grassy incline of the citadel too, on the days when the Prince landed, and Champlain made his historic entry down at the actual historic spot, where a miniature fort and stockade, a model of his original "*Abitation de Quebec*," was erected to receive him. From the Terrace, at first, it looked as if Champlain hesitated to enter the Iroquois canoe that was to bear him to shore, and a canny Scot, with both arms on the railing, suggested, "Maybe he's juist heard how the hotels are chargin'!"

* * *

The Spectator did not wait to see the Prince go, or the crowds depart. He left Quebec in the full tide of her rejoicing and her beauty. And the last sight he saw was a British redcoat arm in arm with an American sailor on one side of him and a French sailor on the other, getting their pictures taken.



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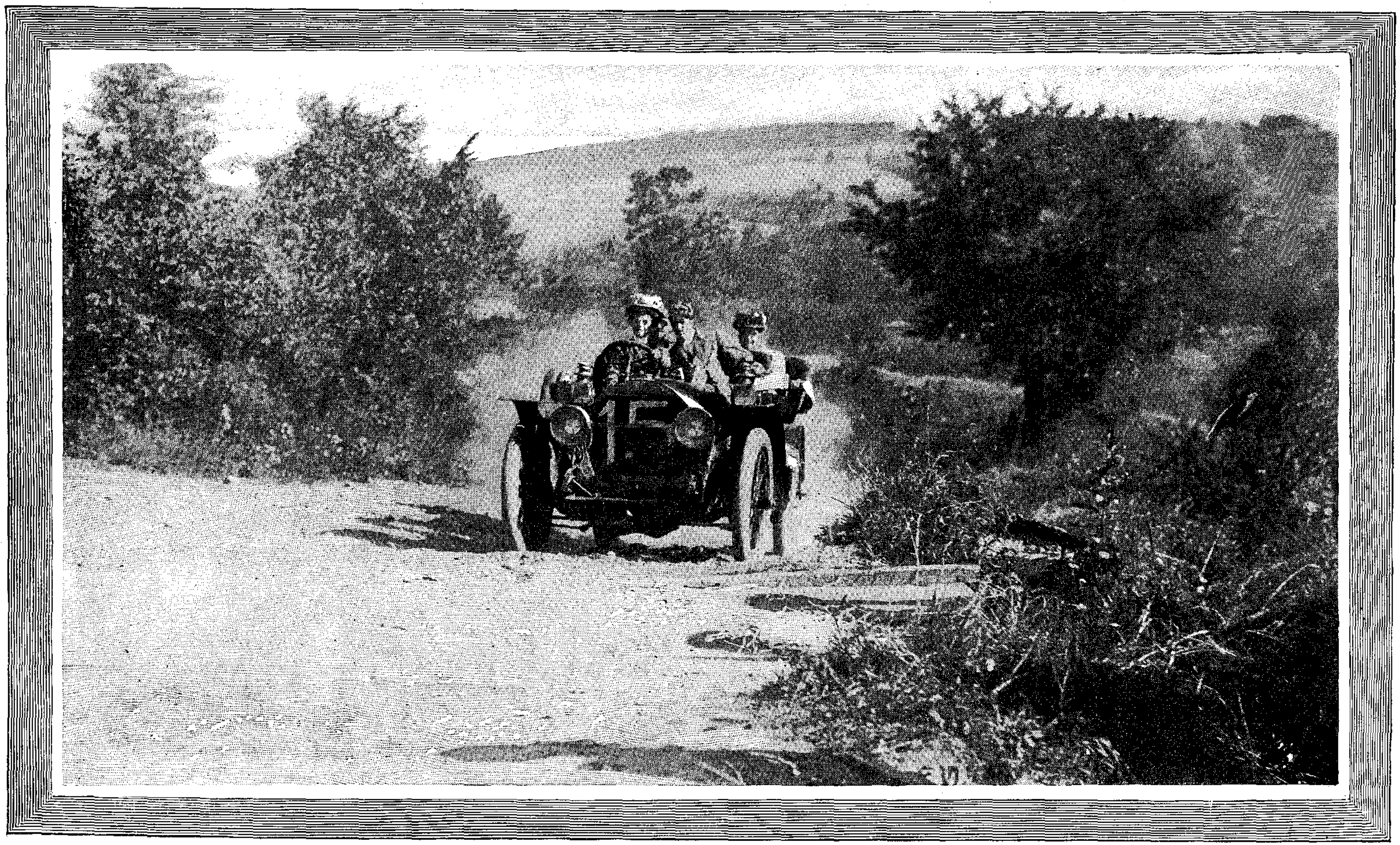
THE DON DE DIEU, CHAMPLAIN'S SHIP, UNDER SAIL

MOTOR LIFE
IN PICTURE

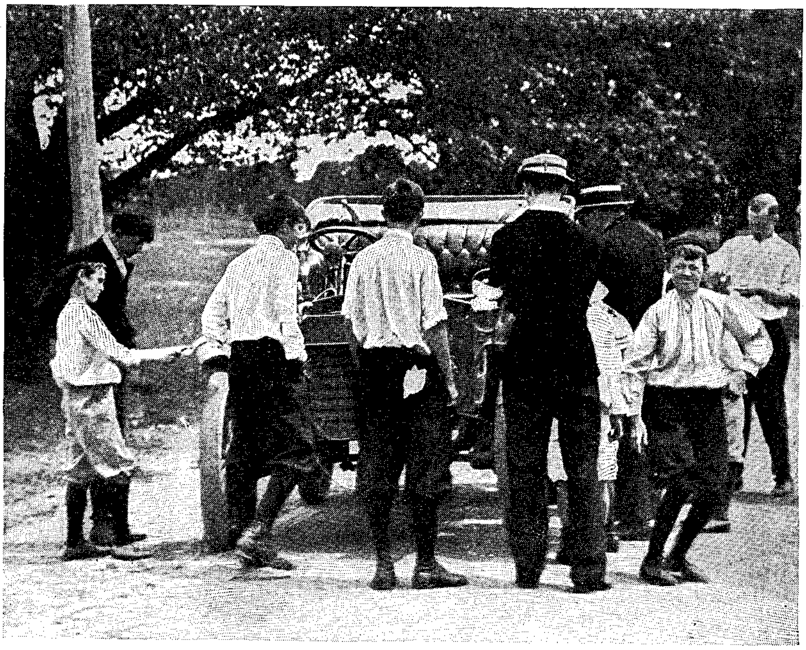
PHOTOGRAPHS BY

ARTHUR HEWITT

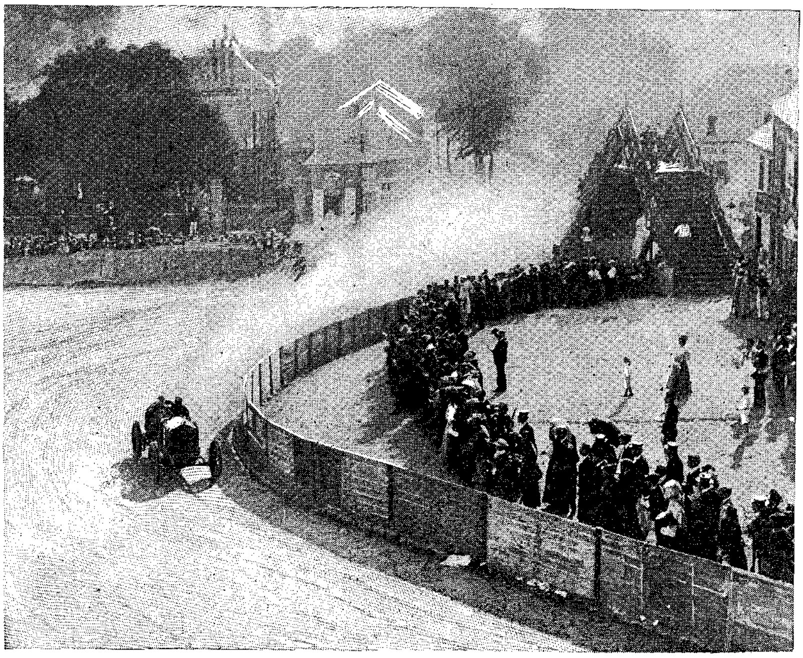


OVER HILL AND DALE

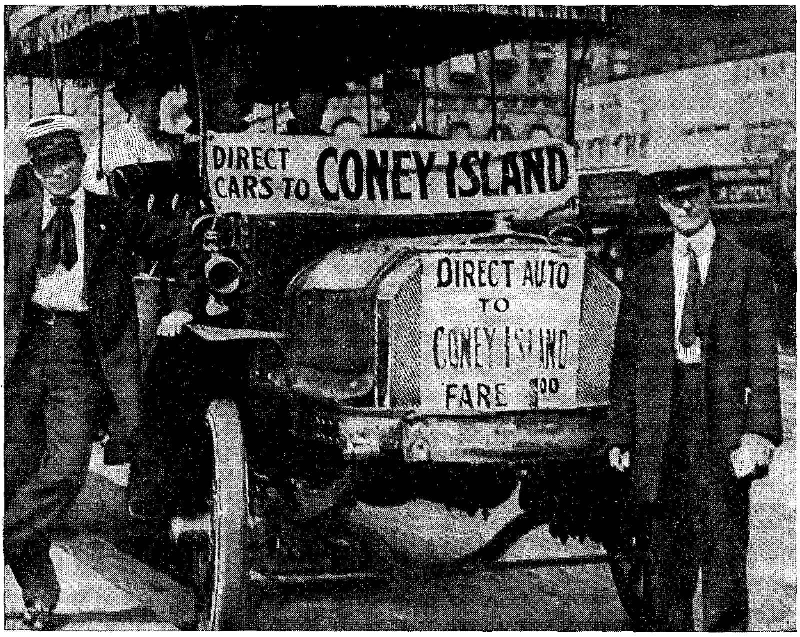
AN AFTERNOON'S PLEASURE TRIP



THE BREAKDOWN



THE RACE; THE LAST LAP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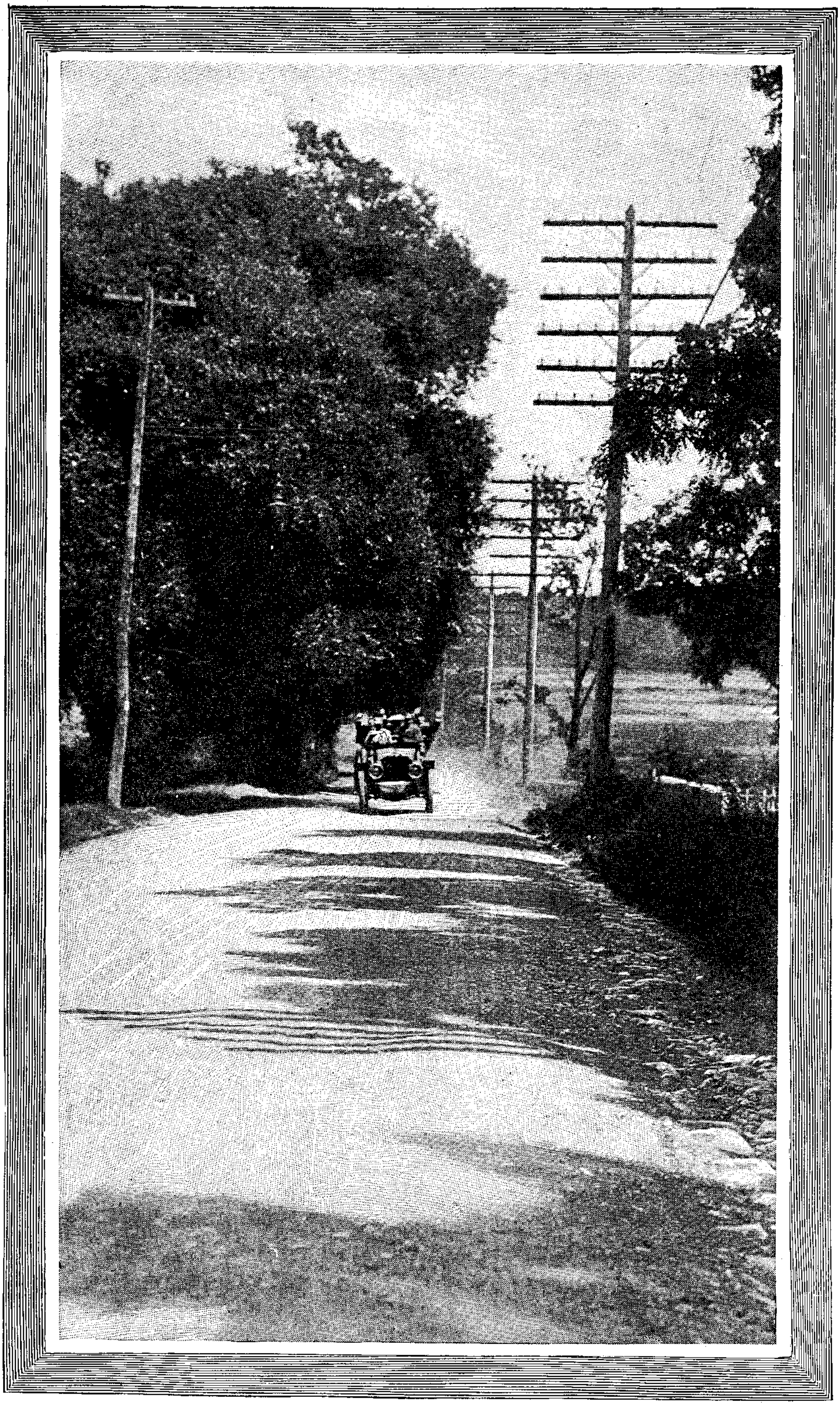
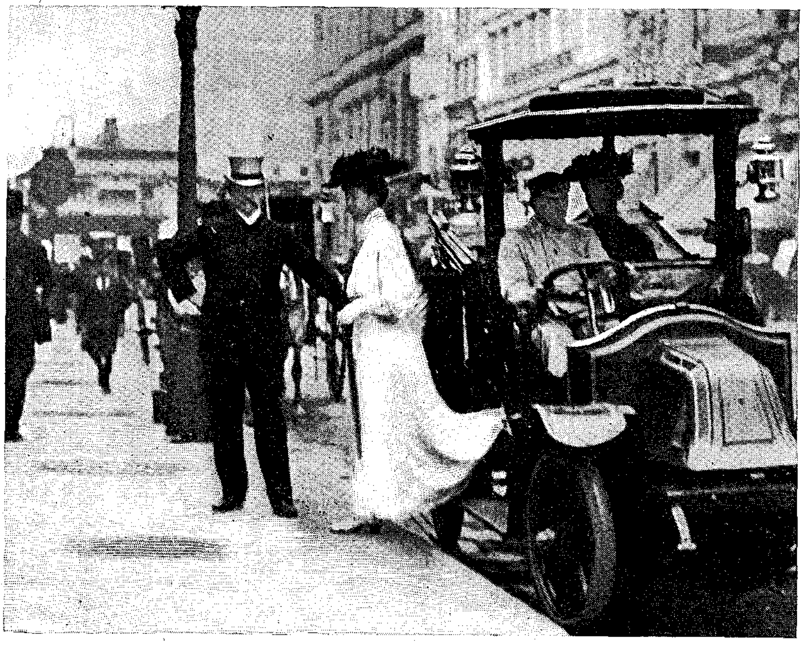
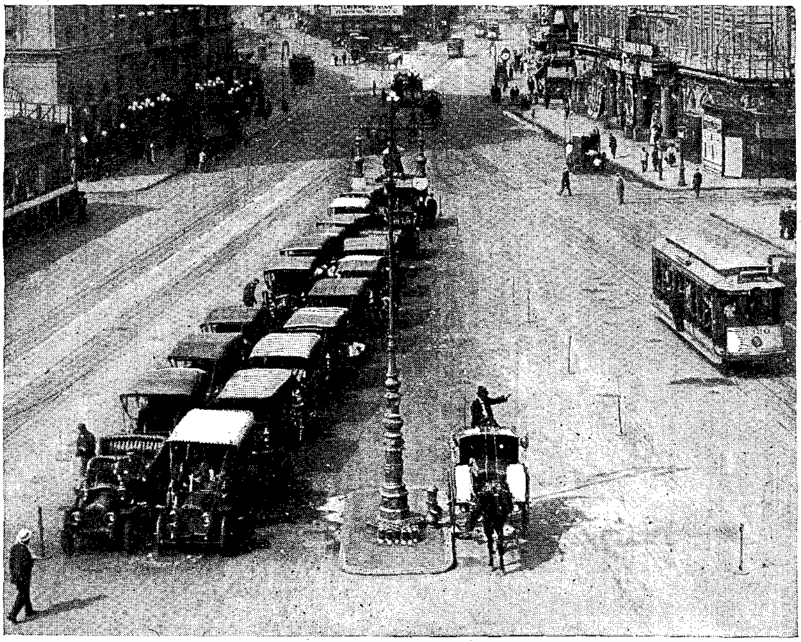
FROM TIMES SQUARE TO CONEY ISLAND



SPEEDING ON THE ROAD



SHOPPING FROM A TAXIMETER



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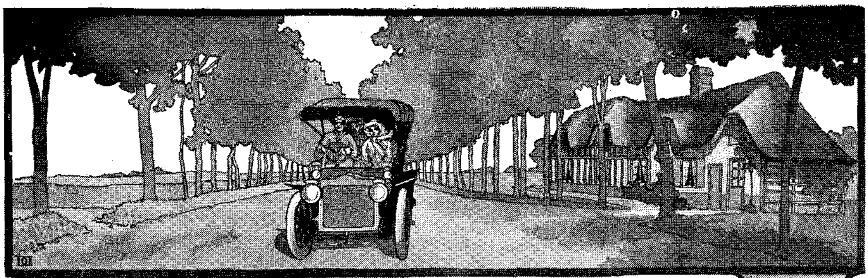


THROUGH NORMANDY AND BRITTANY

FIRST PRIZE ARTICLE

By TEKLA KARAN

JUNE had just come in when we landed at Havre—four of us and Loki. Loki was a fifty horse-power touring car, sleek and sturdy, willing and good-natured. He was fleet and cunning as the god his forerunner, and a most proper companion for a tour in France. We had to linger some time in wait upon Loki, who was still snug in the hold of the steamer; but, after an hour or more of tugging and hauling and coaxing, the big car was on French soil and we were on our way, having unraveled many yards of red tape and having satisfied the doubting officials of our kindly intentions towards them and all France.

At first Loki seemed to lose his hold on himself, and we wondered whether automobiling in France meant pushing him up to the top of a hill and letting him slide to the bottom.

It was only the fancy of a moment, however; then we were off and away, over the long, straight, white French road, a *route nationale*, that rose and fell, sometimes dipping into the greenwood, sometimes climbing into the sky, but ever before us long and straight and white. It was bordered on either side by tall poplars, rustling and swaying in the soft breeze that blows over France on a warm June day. Beyond the poplars stretched the meadows, very smooth and very green, stretched far and away until the green met the blue of the sky, and into the sky rose a single line of spindly sentinels such as one meets only in Normandy. Indeed, they are one of her chief characteristics, these high, slender poplar trunks reaching up and up, quite bare save for a few stray branches that cluster at the top and perhaps straggle half-way down the tree.

By the roadside the cattle were tied, solemnly grazing as we flew by them. Now and then we passed a thatched cottage with poppies waving and nodding to us from the ridge-pole. Sometimes we threaded our way through a little village alive with playing children merry with their laughter, and sometimes out from a tiny cottage a white-locked curé would come, in his long flowing cloak and broad-brimmed beaver.

We came to Yvetôt with a punctured tire, and put up at a far from attractive garage, where Loki's spirits were once more revived.

It was lunch-time when we were leaving Yvetôt, and so we went in search of a shade tree. We hurried out into the *campagne*, into the open world once more, and soon came to a thatched

The Outlook last May offered prizes of $100 and $75 for the best and next-best stories of experiences in motor-pleasuring. The two articles awarded prizes by the judges are here presented, while later we shall print a third article, which received honorable mention. While the editors had hoped that at least one of the articles selected as prize-winners might deal with American adventures, no such limitation was expressed in the offer.—THE EDITORS.

cottage, the loveliest of all the thatched cottages we had seen, with poppies bigger and redder than ever before. Through the open doorway we saw bright copper kettles and pans glistening on the wall, and in the center of the hard earthen floor a long, rude, time-worn table with benches on each side. In the doorway stood a sleek, rosy Normandy *femme*, in *sabots* and cap such as they wear in Normandy—a tight-fitting cap of finest lawn banded about with black velvet. *Monsieur le père*, Loki's master, called out in his usual genial tones, "*Bonjour, Madame; avez-vous des fraises?*" "*Ah, oui, Monsieur, beaucoup,*" replied Madame, and Monsieur reiterated, "*Beaucoup, beaucoup,*" with a jolly laugh. *Monsieur le père* always laughs when his French leaves him in the lurch.

La bonne femme brought us berries and offered us her orchard, and there, under a wry, distorted old tree, with the sunbeams filtering through the leaves, we lunched and rested.

The poplar shadows were lengthening as we entered Rouen—Rouen of the "ill-built, picturesque streets and squares, with tall, narrow, quaintly carved, wood-framed, and gabled houses," where we stopped but a night. From Rouen to Honfleur we followed close by the Seine's shore. It was a hot day; often we caught glimpses, through stretches of cool, shady woodland, of the hot, unrippled river flowing dreamily along, among islands basking in the sun, hot and flat, with only the tall sentinel poplars to throw their shade.

We climbed the last hill into Honfleur, passed through the old sea-town to a ridge just above the Channel, and there we found the pleasant inn of St. Siméon, where we had our meals served out of doors in a rustic pergola, and where, high above the English Channel, we watched the tiny fishing craft after their day's work make for the harbor far below.

After tarrying a day under the protection of good St. Siméon, we started along the Normandy coast over a superb winding road. We fairly flew over it, poplars still on both sides of the road and strange fortified farms hidden away on the wooded hillside. The iris and poppies were still waving from the ridge-poles, the luscious rose trees were all abloom, and over the wide fields the beech trees spread their shade.

We passed quickly through the settlements of Parisian summer life, lingering only in the charming hostelry of "Guillaume le Conquérant" at Dives, then hurried on through Caen and Bayeux, over hill, through dale, into the *forêt des Piards*, a glorious wilderness.

Beyond the forest there rose before us a hill so high and so straight that we asked ourselves in whispers whether Loki could make it. Loki on his part never faltered, but in his usual manner summoned all his pluck and power and made a mighty dash at the hill, and was nearly over it, when, without warning, he came to a dead halt. At first we coaxed and wheedled him with words of praise and encouragement, but words were of no avail. We all had to disembark, and a search was begun for the cause of the trouble. His interior was minutely inspected; all seemed sound and hearty. What could it be? Suddenly a flash of inspiration came to *Monsieur le père;* he hurriedly delved into the tank, and not a drop of *essence* was there. It was a pretty predicament, half-way up a hill, ten kilometers from St. Lô, and no intervening place where *essence* could be had. It was growing dark, and even had there been an available cart and horse, we could not have gone to St. Lô and back before midnight, so we settled our minds for a night at some possible Normandy farm. Not far distant we had caught sight of one just on the outskirts of the forest, and to it we hopefully came.

It was a picturesque Normandy farm, with huge open fireplace and *lapin* ready for the simmering pot, candlesticks and shining brass on the chimney-place. The farm's mistress came to the door, radiant in a fresh fluted cap, a short, coarse, full skirt, and an incredibly tight-fitting bodice. With arms akimbo and real grace she made us welcome and served us a large bowl of milk. Could she take four distressed travelers for the night? "*Mais non,*" not possibly, but *la bonne femme Jeanne*, at the top of the hill, kept a very good *auberge*, "La Demie Lune," where without doubt we could find a night's lodging. Tired and dusty, we started to climb the hill, when from afar a long, loud siren sounded, and over the top came a French car at full speed. *Monsieur le père* stepped into the road and waved frantically. The Samaritan car stopped; we volubly explained; our new friend bowed and graciously offered us two cans of precious *essence*, which we quickly fed to Loki, and then we were off and over the hill. In a few minutes we reached St. Lô, where we had to stay the night. St. Lô was filled with a merry-making throng gathering for the *grandes courses* of Sunday. The town was not lulled to sleep all night, and at three next morning peasant-laden trains whistled and rumbled in, and they whistled and rumbled at short intervals through the night, until thousands filled the town.

After a walk along the quiet Vire, bordered with tall grass and wild yellow iris on one side, and the town rising house upon house on the other, we left the turmoil of St. Lô and started on the road to Avranches. We sped along the smooth, rather open road, passing many carts of Sunday-clad peasants all starched and happy, a plump, smiling, shining dame usually sitting between two blue Sunday blouses.

One by one the hills came to us, one by one Loki put them behind us, till at last we came to the highest one of all. Loki stopped a minute for breath, then forced his way, puffing and snorting, till we came to the top, and there before us lay the sea, smooth and blue, and near by, on the next hill, was Avranches.

We gazed and gazed at the sea, and slowly, mysteriously there rose out of it, in the far distance, a strange cloud-mass, dense and gray. It grew smaller and more pointed toward the top until at its summit a slender, solitary spire seemed to pierce the sky. Suddenly the haze cleared away; the sun broke from a cloud and shone bright upon Mont St. Michel.

With our eyes fastened on the lonely mount, we came into Avranches, climbed its hill to the top, and found there a charming hostelry. Mine host had his rose-garden close by, and such a garden it was: roses high and roses low, roses climbing and roses creeping, a riot of color and fragrance. At dinner a rose lay at the side of each plate, and mine host presided, inquiring of each one what his pleasure might be, and whether he was quite content.

The following day we were off towards Mont St. Michel, flying over a flat, uninteresting road until we came to the last straight stretch of causeway that links the island to the mainland. At the portals we left Loki and wound our way up the winding stairs, past Mme. Poulard's, past the strange chapels in the side of the rock, to the ruined abbey at the summit.

It is a glorious old abbey, so lonely, so sad, but so beautiful, guardian of sea and land, in sunshine and in darkness, when the tide is up, raging at the ramparts, and when it is out, far out, over the sands that are left to catch the mauve and saffron tints of a sunset or the weird sparkle of the moonbeams.

Now we are over the borderland of Brittany, and the character of the country as well as the character of the peasants changes. The repose of Normandy, with her warm luxuriance of green fields and full trees, gives way to Brittany's ruggedness and mystery. Out of the fields harsh gray boulders rise; the hillsides are bare and stern save for the gorse that roots itself in chinks and crevices, and grows sturdily under the sun's gaze. One feels that the Breton's nature is much mingled with sadness, a nature that clings still to ideals and still dreams and worships. He seems nearer to the past than to the present, and the future, except for its dreams, is far from him. However, the Brittany peasants are more picturesque than those of Normandy. Their coifs change with each town. Sometimes they fit close and tight to the head, with narrow strings on each side of the face. Sometimes they are exquisitely delicate, of net and lace and fluting, with bands of blue or pink ribbon. Then there are coifs that seem to stay miraculously upon the head, with strange sails that would seem to catch the wind and carry coif and wearer off into the sea. The gowns of rich and poor are alike, except for the costliness of the material and the width and number of velvet bands on the skirt; and all have shawls of black or purple, or collar of costly lace, and aprons of brocade of different colors.

A few hours' run from Mont St. Michel brought us to the old fortified town of Dinan, with its moat, its donjon towers and great fosse. It has a very distinct atmosphere of its own, this crumbling old town, standing on the top of a hill overlooking the river and neighboring hills, that were green with the full maturity of June.

On our way out of Dinan, Loki lost heart a bit, good, noble Loki, who had not faltered once, save for lack of nourishment, since his first day in France, when all had seemed so new and strange and disconcerting. *Monsieur le père* in his sympathetic way soon discovered the reason for his uneasiness, and after a little tinkering to the commutator we were well on the way to Morlaix. It meant a very steady run to reach Morlaix before dark, but we made it, and reached the little town in the hollow for supper.

Here were women with white coifs clattering along in *sabots*, men in black smocks and low, broad-brimmed beavers with streamers hanging down behind, and girls and boys in miniature coifs and smocks, all speaking the strange Gaelic.

We were in Anne de Bretagne's country; wherever we went she seemed to have gone before. It is the young, simple, beautiful Anne de Bretagne that the people love, the Anne of the years before she came to the throne of France and threw in her lot with the schemes and ambitions of a shallow, false court life. Just above the market-place stands her Morlaix house, tall and somber, with carved beams and ramparts and a very peaked roof.

On the morning of our departure we found that Saturday's market had come to town, with wares ranging from fine hand-made lace and fresh stiff coifs to pigs and chickens and every other noisy beast and bird. Women all starched and fluted sat in long rows in the market hall, some holding in their laps their best hens, who seemed quite resigned to an impending fate, others holding before them large baskets of their gardens' brightest and loveliest flowers, while everywhere was a seething, buzzing mass of peasants and townspeople from all over the countryside. We had to pick our way carefully through the crowded streets, and sped on into the heart of Brittany.

On our way to Pont-Aven we climbed up out of Morlaix into wild hills, as wild and *sauvage* as parts of Cornwall. Nature seemed to have broken free from all restraint, and had hurled about her mighty boulders and high, massive pillars of stone, then, relenting, had smoothed the hills and watered the valleys.

Now and then we passed a solitary hovel, and often a lumbering cart with a happy pair going home from market. At the toot of Loki's horn the man would bound from the cart, give the reins to his trembling wife, dash to his horse's head, and clap his hands over its ears. It all happened in a moment, and in another moment Loki had passed, the good man had climbed back into his cart, and his good beastie was jogging along serenely.

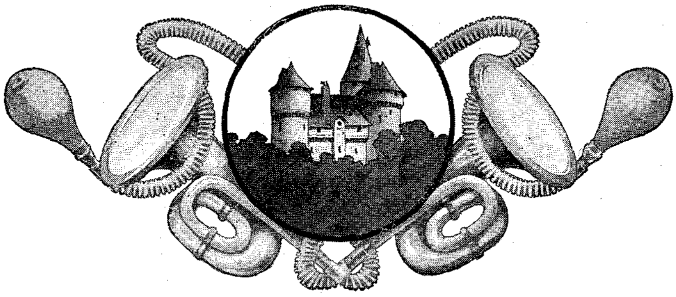
We entered Pont-Aven through a very narrow cobbled street, with tall, narrow houses. About dusk there arrived in the open square wagon-loads of young fir trees and lumber, and then ensued much hammering and nailing, with but few words. Before long a platform was raised, with a rude flight of steps leading to it; and then the young firs were placed along the side of the steps and densely banked at the back of the platform.

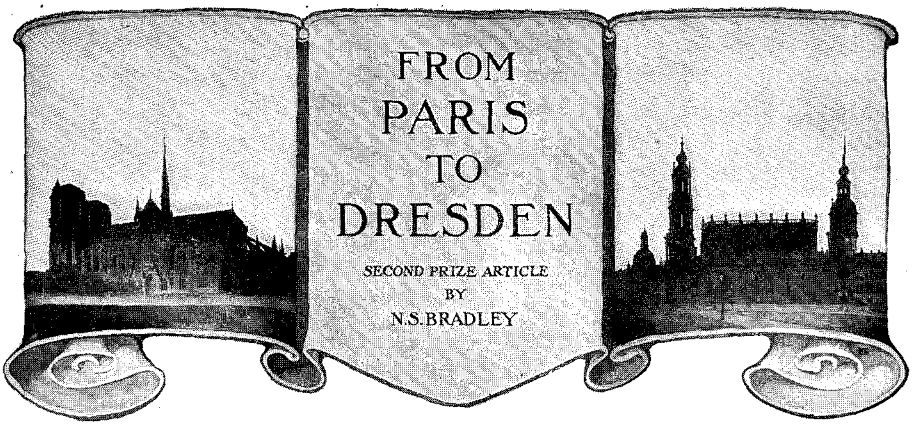
About dawn next morning—Sunday morning—we were conscious of a great hubbub outside our windows, and when we looked out we found the whole square transformed. On the rude platform of the night before an altar had been erected, covered with the finest linen, beautifully embroidered. The walls of the houses where, we were told, the procession was to pass, had been draped with linen sheets richly worked, and the cobbled streets, immaculately brushed, were strewn with roses. A cross stood on the altar, on which were hundreds of candles and many vases of flowers, bright and gay. The women and girls came with their offerings: one with a lovely piece of hand-worked carpet, another with some frail vase, and still another with candelabra, each one bringing her best. At last it was all radiantly decked in flowers, boughs, and fir trees; and all was in readiness for the *fête de Dieu*.

At a signal, felt but unseen, a hush fell upon the people, reverently waiting. Then a chime of bells, clamorous and uncontrolled, filled the air, and there came, out from the church, a company of priests chanting in low, monotonous tones. Among them, under a canopy supported by four peasants, the bishop, in his gorgeous vestments, walked, bearing the Host; and all the people lining the way fell on their knees as he passed. Behind the bishop came acolytes swinging censers, and choir-boys chanting slowly. Hundreds of men, women, and children followed in all their peasant loveliness, with black frocks and smocks and a cloud of white coifs. Slowly they threaded their way through the streets, gathering more followers, until they reached the open square. Then through a line of priests and boys the bishop came, and ascended the rude steps to the altar, where the candles were flickering in the breeze. All fell to their knees, and every murmur ceased, save the gentle moaning of the fir trees, as the bishop turned to elevate the Host and to say the simple service of benediction. Reverently they rose from their knees. The bishop passed again through the line of priests, and the whole procession moved on, stopping at each one of the five or six altars erected through the town, that each quarter—the market, the shops, and the quay—might have the blessing of the *bon Dieu*.

The deepest self of the Breton finds expression in his *fêtes de Dieu* and *pardons*, for he is essentially religious. His religion is the religion of his forefathers of centuries gone, with the old Celtic superstition and pagan romance still a part of it. Indeed, it is the mystery, romance, and paganism of the Breton that make him unique and that keep him out of touch with the present, far back in the past.

The next day we were on our way out of Brittany, Loki and four of us, and had turned towards Touraine and her châteaux. How we lived for two weeks amid the days and scenes of Agnes Sorel, the fair Diana, and the intriguing Catherine, how we passed into the poppy country again, through the land of golden wheat, to Chartres and Paris, and finally to the open sea, is another tale.





FROM PARIS TO DRESDEN

SECOND PRIZE ARTICLE
BY
N. S. BRADLEY

OUR hostess declares that it was all providential. Looking back upon that exhilarating automobile trip from Paris to Dresden, which combined so much of pleasure and profit, it seems as if the gentle lady were correct.

We met in the Louvre by accident. The writer and his wife, whom we may designate as the parson and the parsoness of the party, were in the very midst of their first European trip. Landing at Naples, they had traveled leisurely northward, enjoying nature's most genial moods—sky, sea, lake, river, and mountains as they find unsurpassed expression in Italy. To the charms of nature were added the interests of history and the joys of art. These two pilgrims had climbed to the top of the Colosseum and gazed with moistened eyes over the city of the Cæsars, footed it out the Appian Way, journeyed to the city that Dante loved, passed through the courts that had echoed to the words of Savonarola, visited the house in which Galileo lived, were moved to tears by the exquisite beauty of the Campanile of Giotto, were awed by the sculptured forms of Michelangelo and inspired by the creations of Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and Raphael. Passing over the Alps, down the Rhine, through Holland and Belgium, the parson and the parsoness reached Paris, well-nigh intoxicated by the stimulating atmosphere which they had been breathing.

Here, in the Louvre, on Wednesday, the 7th of August, 1907, they unexpectedly met intimate friends from home, Mr. Paul and Mrs. Paul and their German "schwester," who were touring the Continent in an automobile. The invitation to join the party in a trip to Dresden was as cordial and hearty as kind and cultured friends could make it. From Paris to Dresden, with genial companions, in a splendid motor-car, over roads as smooth as a billiard-table, through scenes of historic and poetic associations, as well as those throbbing with present-day, vital, human interests!

In prospective, the trip was alluring; in retrospect, it looms up as a really great experience, the influence of which remains as an abiding enrichment. The parsoness capitulated at once; to her it appeared as the opportunity of a lifetime, and she declared herself ready to sacrifice, if need be, all the plans wrought out with so much care, for the sake of the proposed auto trip. But the parson, accustomed to follow the line of his discourse straight to the end, said, "It is impossible; our plans are clearly defined; we are traveling according to schedule and are due in London in three days, and the time assigned to England and Scotland is all too brief. Very sorry, but it is impossible."

There was much more in this same tone, which could only be interpreted as a very courteous but firm expression of the parson's "regrets." The party then adjourned to the Regina Hotel and were soon deep in the discussion of a "lemon squash." At the psychologic moment, when all were aglow in the exchange of experiences, Mr. Paul returned to the question that had been discussed in the

Louvre. "I am much interested," he said, "in these fresh experiences which you have been relating, and I understand that you have never traveled by automobile." To which the parsoness responded with promptness, "No, never." "Then," continued Mr. Paul, "we can offer you the pleasure of an absolutely new experience. Then, too, we can abandon ourselves to the spirit of freedom; there are no schedules to which we have to conform; we need consult only our own sweet wills. The lure of the lakes, the call of the country, the fascination of the forest, the scenes of the city—to which shall we respond? It will be a matter of our own choice."

And, continuing, our friend urged that the advantages of the trip were not to be all summed up in the item of pleasure. The observation of peoples at close range, in their homes and at their work, might be able to yield some valuable homiletic output.

Mr. Paul is possessed of unusual forensic powers, and he employed them with rare skill and not without effect. The atmosphere in the region of the parsoness grew hazy, and there were distinct symptoms of an approaching shower. But the parson shook his head and insisted that it was impossible. Schwester, in whose accent there lingers a delicate and delightful reminder of her Teutonic origin, remarked, "Why, Doctor, you are as stubb'rn as a Dutchman." Turning quickly upon the parson and looking him full in the eyes, Mr. Paul said: "See here, friend, I know the pleasure and the profit of a trip through the heart of Europe in an automobile. I want you to join us, and I have one more card to play. Is there any one place that you particularly wished to visit that you have not been able to reach?" "Rothenburg," shouted the parson, "Rothenburg, that perfect little gem of mediævalism, we did wish more than much to visit, but owing to the inaccessibleness of the place by rail and the limits upon our time, we had to cut it out." "Well," said our host, "I do not know a blooming thing about what Rothenburg is, or where it is, but nevertheless we will go there." "Why, certainly," said Mrs. Paul, in her quiet, confident tones; "it is all providential, and we will have a very happy time."

And this is a veritable account of how we came to motor from Paris to Dresden.

In three hours from the moment we met in the Louvre, the parson and the parsoness were equipped with the necessary toggery for the road, the luggage stored away in the roomy car, and Albert, the German chauffeur, was driving us in the direction of Fontainebleau at a clipping pace. The run of forty miles from the city, through scenes of farming activity, on this glorious afternoon in the month of ingathering harvests, to the renowned château, where the night was to be spent, was a rest to our bodies and a refreshment to our spirits. The approach through the picturesque forest to the historic spot was interesting to the point of intensity.

In yonder palace four of the kings of France were born, and there two closed their eyes forever to the light of day. Here some of the most tragic events in the experience of the mighty Napoleon and the beautiful Josephine occurred. And as Albert drew up before the château and we passed within the inclosure known as the Court of Adieux, there sprang to mind that dramatic scene on the eventful 20th of April, when the conquered conqueror, the vanquished victor, the "Man of Destiny," bade a tearful farewell to the Old Guard, whose devotion had never faltered, and then stepped into the carriage that drove him in the direction of Elba and exile.

In such places it is the unseen that appeals to one as much as the seen; the mind alternates between the past and the present; the historic sense peoples the scene once more with the personages who have gone forever.

It was now past the hour when visitors were received. There was not a soul in sight, and the old palace was dozing in the softened sunlight of the late afternoon. Mr. Paul suggested that he was in possession of a golden key that was guaranteed to open the most complex mechanism of the locksmith. The bold claim was made good. When an attendant was found and the magic key pressed into his palm, the doors swung open wide. There remained a couple of hours of departing daylight in which to see the treasures of the place. The paintings, the tapestries, the rare china, the splendid apartments once occupied by the powerful personages who fashioned the affairs of France, were examined with interest. The quietness of the hour and the kindly good nature of the gendarme afforded us an opportunity for a closer observation of the palace than would be possible at regular open hours.

The parson sat down at the little table on which Napoleon signed his abdication, and wrote a card to a friend in America; and Mr. Paul seated himself upon the throne once occupied by the great Napoleon. But the atmosphere of the place was suggestive of sadness rather than conducive to levity of feelings.

Here is the bedroom of Napoleon, where the defeated monarch passed those awful sleepless hours previous to his abdication; here, too, is the apartment where he is thought to have first mentioned to his devoted wife the necessity of a legal separation. As we passed out of the château and descended the old "Horseshoe Staircase" in the deepening twilight, the parsoness was heard to remark, "Well, the more I see of palaces the better I like parsonages."

The next morning found us eager for the road. Refreshing sleep and a good breakfast at the Hôtel de France put us in proper mettle for the experiences of the day. The level road lured us; it stretched before us in carefully measured miles across France. As we gazed along this perfect highway, smooth and white and clean, bordered with rows of shade trees, it looked like a strip of cream-colored ribbon touched with edges of green. The engine seemed almost a thing of feeling; she fairly took on the spirit of our own enjoyment, and, under the guidance of Albert, kept time with our happy heart-beats on that perfect day.

Much has been written about the highways of Europe, but their excellence has never been overstated; that would be scarcely possible. In the entire trip from Paris to Dresden, we found the roads in a condition that might be described as "well-nigh perfect." This adds much to the exhilaration as well as to the physical comfort of motoring.

Who was it that said, "Paris is France"? He is mistaken. The tourists who visit only Paris and a few other large cities do not get a true picture of France. Through the rural regions there is evidence of an industry and a thrift, a sturdiness of character, and a devotion to family ideals that is good to see.

The soil, though long cropped, through continual enrichment is kept tremendously fertile. The crops were enormous. It was something of a surprise to see how largely muscular power is still employed in the harvest fields of France. What machinery we saw in the fields was much of it of American make.

Our party was well provided with everything necessary for the comfort and convenience of such a trip, except a speaking acquaintance with the French language; we were glib enough in German, but possessed no fluency in French. Albert, dumb as a turtle in all languages except that of the "Fodderland," had never set foot on French soil before. But the well-defined roads, the accuracy of our maps, and the uniform and unfailing courtesy of the people, saved us from embarrassment, and rendered the trip across France an experience of complete satisfaction.

The second night we spent at Nancy, a city of some historic importance, distinguished by a fine Carnot monument, a rare old cathedral, and a famous old friars' school.

That we were approaching the German frontier was disclosed by the road maps, but we would have known it without the suggestion of the books. The presence of great groups of soldiers, and other evidences of military vigilance, indicated that we were in a region of militancy. And this intimation was confirmed as we left behind us the troops of France, only to sweep down a valley filled with the legions of the Kaiser.

After complying with the conditions of the custom office, where we were shown most courteous consideration, we were soon off on one of the most exhilarating runs of the entire trip. The day was fine, and our car seemed fairly laughing with glee. The region was mountainous, but the road as smooth and hard as could be desired. Before us stretched an ascent which involved a tremendous climb for an automobile. The ascent was at first gradual, but soon it grew more pronounced, and Albert had to drop to the hill-climbing gear. Up, up, and still up, our splendid engine took us, with never a moan and scarce a quiver. During the climb and after the summit was reached, we caught vistas of the valley below, and of France fading away in the distance, that now hang in the gallery of memory as treasured pictures. Along perfect roads, under the majestic trees of the Black Forest, through regions fairly festooned with poetic legends, we moved in our tireless car. Here and there some ruined monastery, or romantic castle, or rugged watch-tower, would cut its sharp profile across the somber background.

Evening found us with some apprehension as to where we might find comfortable accommodations for the night. We were far from the larger towns, out of sight and sound of railways, and the straggling villages did not look promising in the item of "creature comforts." As we were approaching one of the villages, the parson remarked, "If this were Italy, I should expect to find here a clean, comfortable hotel." Schwester, quick to accept a challenge when the honor of Germany is even remotely involved, snapped out, "Well, knowing Germany as I do, I undertake to say you will find that here." Mrs. Paul suggested to her husband, in a quiet undertone, that if we could stop here it might prevent the war of words imminent between the parson and Schwester. And so Albert was directed to pull up at the hotel in the village of Oppenau. Schwester's confidence was fully justified. The rooms placed at our disposal were large, airy, clean, and the beds most inviting. The trout taken from a little pond in the yard, through which flowed water from a mountain stream, served crisp and hot, and the chicken broiled to a beautiful brown, were the substantials of a dinner that left absolutely nothing to be desired. Then for an hour we sat together on the balcony. The twilight was deepening, the hush of evening was over the village, the stars stood out through the rarefied mountain atmosphere in remarkable brilliancy, and from the little Catholic church, almost beneath us, there floated up the subdued sound of vesper worship. It was a fitting close to a glorious day. And we slipped away to our beds of down to dream of fairies dancing all night long under the wide-spreading branches of the Black Forest.

Saturday evening found us approaching Rothenburg. Albert had been dropping the stone mile-posts behind us at the rate of thirty an hour, and at every cross-road stood a signboard pointing to our destination; now we were skirting the rolling banks of "der Tauber," and knew that we were close to the spot where Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden camped in 1632, and that possibly along this very road the conquering Tilly marched, to whom the sturdy little Bavarian city was compelled to surrender, and whose clemency was secured by the heroic conduct of Burgomaster Nusch, who drained the tall tankard at a single draught. These memories served to quicken interest already intense. The approach to this walled city, which everybody knows has a tower for every week in the year, passing the double moat and entering through the gates, brought this week of flight to a fitting climax. Auto-cars are evidently not often seen in Rothenburg, and the little American flag which we were displaying added to the sensation our party created as we moved slowly along the narrow streets. A throng of people followed us. The parson leaped from the car, and, approaching a young couple, he inquired, "*Welches ist das beste Hotel?*" Disregarding the inquiry, the lady exclaimed, "Oh, we are Americans, too; we saw the flag and rushed after you. We are from Toledo, Ohio. Where are you from?" "Why," said the parson, "we are from Michigan, and so are neighbors."

It is not possible to put into words the peculiar charm of this quaint, walled, mediæval city. Rothenburg remains almost untouched by such influences as our party and our car represented. The people pursue the even tenor of their way, following undeviatingly in the foot-steps of their fathers. Any buildings erected inside the walls have to conform architecturally to the usages of the past; no twentieth-century lines may be added, and, indeed, there is no desire to take on modern touches. Not only are the new buildings practically duplicates of those they displace, but the old house-mottoes, which have greeted the passer-by for generations, reappear again. The quaint rhymes appear on gable, façade, and elsewhere. The shoemaker's house, where for generations men have "set stitch and driven peg," has a stanza stating that fact in quaint rhyme. And the baker's house bears a similar motto.

The building of central interest in Rothenburg is the Rathaus, built originally, it is said, in 1240. The whole city radiates from this Rathaus. Its Renaissance façade is elaborately decorated. The high square tower overtops all others of the city.

On Sunday morning our party climbed this tower. And what a climb it was! Up stairs and ladders whose steps and rungs were nearly worn through by feet that had preceded our own; along galleries overhanging deep courts, then finally up one ladder that is nearly perpendicular, and through a small opening we emerged upon a railed gallery surrounding the belfry. The view over the red roofs of the city, and far out over the fertile fields, was rewarding. But an unexpected touch deepened the impression of that hour. On the gallery were four young musicians, who, facing the four points of the compass, played "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott." Facing the north, the east, the south, and the west, they rendered, in each direction, one verse of Luther's grand old hymn. Always inspiring, this sacred music thrilled us as it floated from the four horns out toward the four points of the horizon on that clear Sabbath morning. This is an old custom and one that remains ever new in Rothenburg.

From Rothenburg our course lay through Nuremberg, the home of Dürer, through Karlsbad, the famous health resort of Bohemia, through Bayreuth, the home of Wagner the composer, through Eger with its imposing ruin.

In addition to the sights of the cities, we saw at close range the peoples of the rural districts of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and were much impressed by the striking contrast in urban and rural industrial conditions. The German cities are prosperous; they are aggressively so; there is a note of confidence in the very buzz of the German factories. And such confidence is justified by the up-to-date machinery and methods employed. Through the farming districts the very opposite of this is true. There is practically no machinery upon the soil, and the methods are very primitive. On the farms cattle do the work usually done by horses, and women that which generally falls to the hand of man. We actually saw women bending to wheat-fields with hand sickles. The peasants are poor.

We reached Dresden in exactly one week from the time of the chance meeting in the Louvre, and a common impulse moved us to seek at once that most beautiful picture ever spread upon canvas. In that room to which so many pilgrimages have been made, our little party sat long before that matchless representation of motherhood; no words were spoken, but every eye was dim, and as we finally moved out, the parson whispered to the parsoness, "The gentle lady was correct: that meeting in the Louvre was providential."

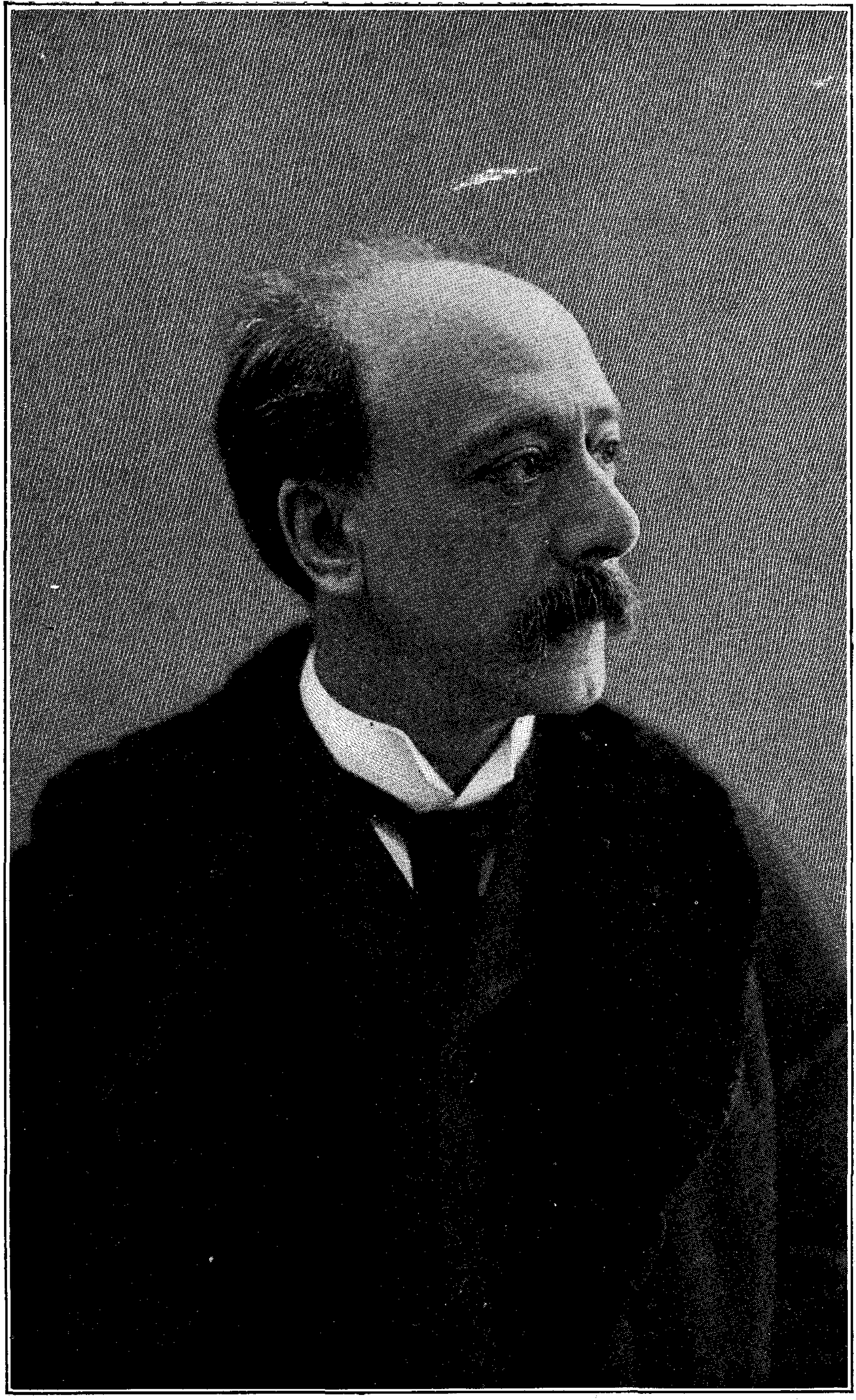
THE MAYOR OF THE ETERNAL CITY

THE Mayor of Rome is Ernesto Nathan, born in London, a Jew, and an ex-Grand Master of the Order of Free Masons. The capital of Italy elects its Mayor, not by popular vote, but through the Council, which is a body of eighty representative men chosen on a general ticket and containing at least twenty who represent the minority. The election last winter, bitterly fought, resulted in an emphatic defeat of the clerical or church party which has ruled in Rome for uncounted generations, and created a Council with sixty radical members and the legally required minority of twenty clericals. The battle at the polls was waged largely around Signor Nathan's personality, and his election as Mayor was by the vote of all the radicals except himself—the clericals refraining from a vote in acknowledgment of the completeness of their defeat.

When you go to see Signor Nathan at his office on the Capitoline Hill, or at his house, 122 Via Torino, in the new part of Rome, just off the Via Nazionale, your first impression is that of a man who never ceases increasing in height as he rises to greet you, he is so tall and spare. He looks at you out of eyes which seem to speak of his experience with Italy's past. He comes of a family which, in England, extended hospitality to the great Mazzini when that patriot was exiled from his native land. Years later Ernesto Nathan became an Italian citizen. He is now an authority on the period of the Risorgimento, the name which the Italians apply to that wonderful and final struggle for political liberty and national unity which, definitely assuming shape as far back as 1815, experienced in 1848, in 1859-61, and again in 1870, three distinct crises which resulted in a new-born Italy. Many have written authoritatively of these crises, notably Mr. Bolton King, Signor Orsi, and the Countess Cesaresco. But, as one talks with Signor Nathan, one becomes convinced that *the* book is yet to be written.

After Ernesto Nathan came to Italy, he formed an intimate friendship with one who has honored his country by becoming its Finance Minister and later its Prime Minister, Baron Sonnino. The two men were well fitted to understand each other. Like Nathan, so Sonnino had had a part of his education in England. From Oxford he had brought back to Italy that peculiar poise and balance, popularly known as "the cold head," which distinguishes the best Englishmen in their administrative life. If this quality has won for the Northerners great influence and success, what may it not do for Southerners—in other words, the cold head united to the warm heart and the impulsive manner of the children of the South? The success of Sonnino and Nathan proves the value of such combination. They started a newspaper, one of the most influential and intellectual organs of public opinion which Italy has ever seen. It was, however, far too radical to please most people at that time. When they came to public life, Baron Sonnino leaped immediately to the fore as a student of economics. The result of his counsel and of his administration, perhaps more than those of any other man, has been that Italy, where thirty years ago gold was at a premium of thirty per cent, now commands parity for its paper with gold.

Signor Nathan's success in public life has not been so rapid or so brilliant as has been that of Baron Sonnino. It is presumable that racial and religious emphasis has had much to do with this. But quality triumphs in the end, and after his successful service as Municipal Assessor, the Roman Municipal Council distinguished itself in electing Ernesto Nathan to be its head. He is the first Jew to be made Mayor of Rome. It may be said that other Jews have risen to promotion in Italy, and this is true. The



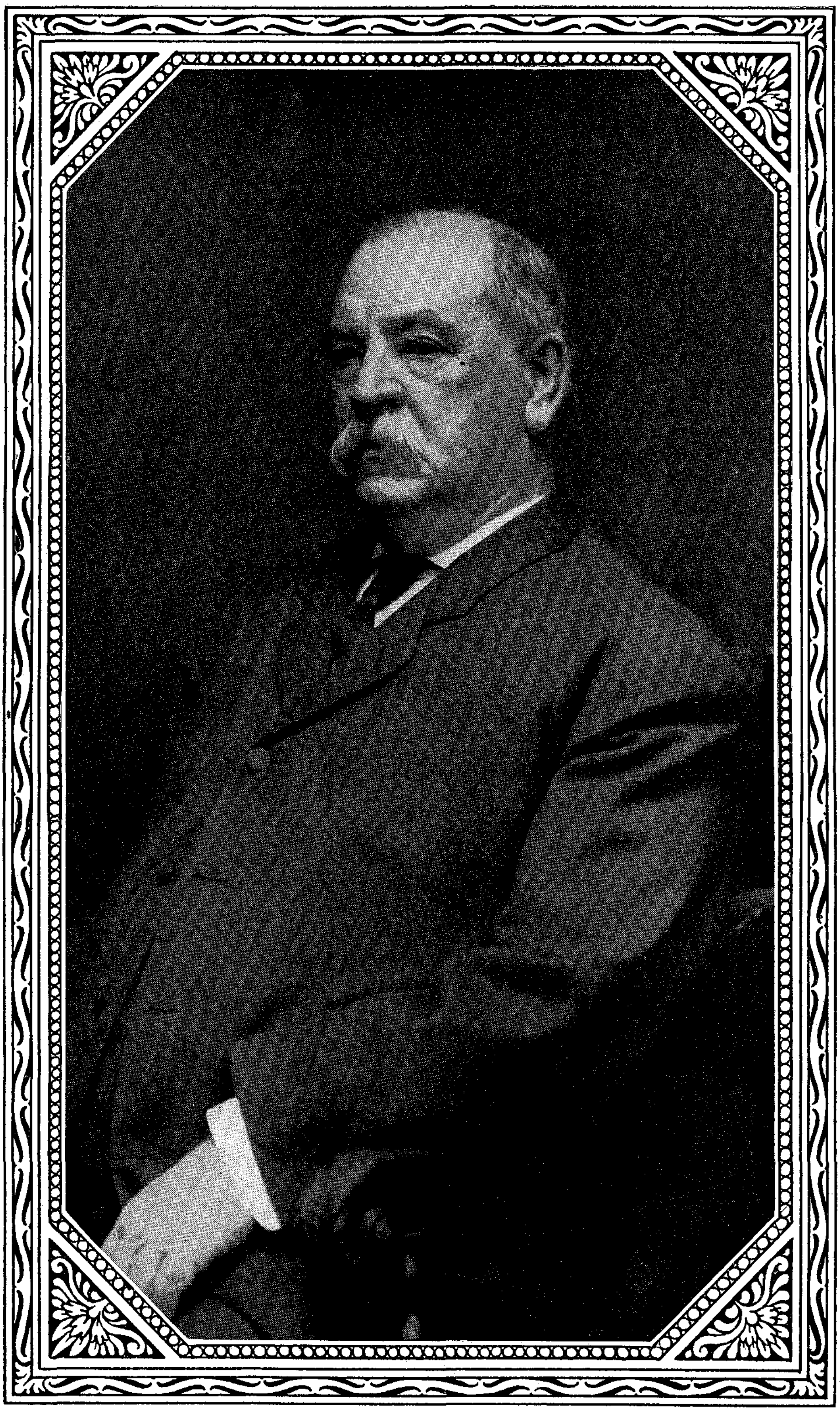
ERNESTO NATHAN

appointment of Luigi Luzzati to Cabinet honors is a case in point. But the election of Signor Nathan is more significant, because he is not only an Israelite, but, after fulfilling the functions of Grand Master of the Free Masons, remains one of the directing forces of that vast aggregation. In electing one who was both Jew and Free Mason, the anti-clerical majority has impressively indicated to the Vatican the new situation created by the defeat of the old conservative majority in Rome.

Until recently Signor Nathan has been counted an unshakable Republican. Like many another, however, he now sees that the House of Savoy is a true bulwark of Italian liberty. While no less than thirty-six among the eighty members of the new Municipal Council of Rome have belonged to anti-dynastic parties, they, like the new Mayor, are becoming more and more impressed with the facts, first, that Italy is not yet ripe for a Republic, and, second, that in any event the King is the best Republican of them all. Only the other day Victor Emmanuel III said to a gentleman who was calling upon him: "I am going to educate my son so that, when Italy declares herself a Republic, he will be favorably regarded as a candidate for Parliament." "But," said the gentleman, "what if Italy should declare herself so in your time?" "Then I would present myself for Parliament," laughed the King. "I want Italy to feel that the name counts for little, the service for much."

Such a spirit animates Italy's great men, whether of the past or of the present. When we go back to those earlier Italian days which we call Roman history, we find the same spirit shown by the real heroes of that history, and when we come to modern times we find the same spirit shown again by a Victor Emmanuel III, by a Sonnino, by a Nathan. It is this intelligent, altruistic patriotism which has shot Italy into the foremost place in Europe, so that we see the King of England, the President of France, and the German Emperor equally desirous to court Italian favor.

The position of Mayor of Rome is far more than a mere legal dignity. To be Mayor of Rome means an influence which extends throughout Italy. With the memory of his old father, who lived long at London and at Lugano, a worker for the Risorgimento, the new Mayor of Rome, faithful to his past, will bring into the administration of the Eternal City those qualities which would distinguish him in any position—a republican simplicity and an acuteness of intelligence which give no indication of the *dolce far niente*—that happy do-nothingism which is mistakenly supposed to characterize the habits of all Italians. The fact is that Ernesto Nathan, the son of a patriot, is himself a great patriot, and his tenure of office as Mayor of Rome already gives evidence of his power.



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GROVER CLEVELAND

GROVER CLEVELAND

BY GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

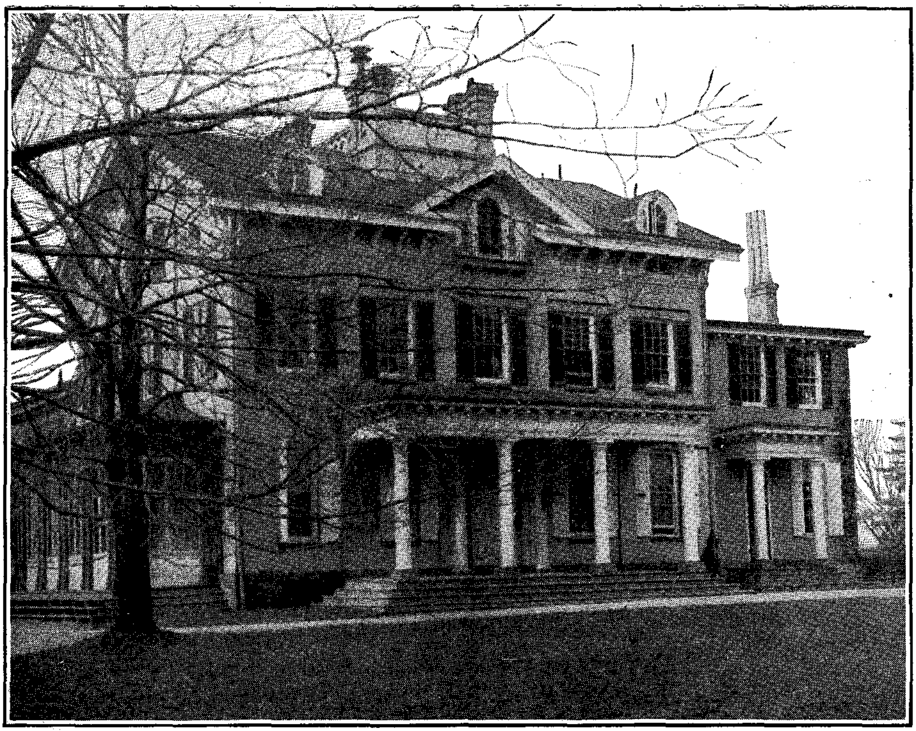
IT is difficult to speak at the grave of a friend. It may be that the last word about Grover Cleveland cannot be spoken until all are dead who fought with him or against him. Yet so has the bitterness of the political struggles of which he was the center been dissolved that friend and foe alike, those who revered and loved him for what he was, and those who, whether agreeing with him or not, respected and honored him for what he did and tried to do, are practically in accord in their estimate of the man.

No President ever assumed office with greater partisan acclaim, none ever left it so abused by his own party. None in so short a time regained the respect and admiration of his former associates. Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson retired from office certain of the continuance of their policies in the hands of successors they had named. John Quincy Adams left the Presidency embroiled with most who knew him, and only regained the confidence of his party associates after years in the House of Representatives.

When Cleveland left the Presidency, it is doubtful if he could have had a nomination for constable from the Democratic leaders in any part of the country. His last veto, that of an insignificant pension bill, was overridden by an almost unanimous vote. Yet in little more than a decade a miracle was wrought, and the man who had been whipped and pilloried by his own died the generally recognized first citizen of our country. This doer of miracles was neither apostle, saint, nor prophet. The miracle was worked not so much by what he did as by what he was. That those who had abused him most, newspapers and men, were eager to honor his memory when he died, was not because they had seen the error of their ways, but because they discovered, somewhat late, it is true, that they had misunderstood their public, while he had always believed in that public and the American people had put faith in him. There was an intimate relation between them, a union of hearts and of hopes and of purposes, that began when they first learned to know him, and that lasted unbroken to the end. And this was only possible because of the manner of man he was.

By blood and birth, by upbringing and association, by character and by mind he was of that American stock which has furnished, and as long as our Republic endures will furnish, the bone and sinew of our country. He was of the men who won our independence, who unselfishly sacrificed all for the Confederacy, and no less unselfishly saved the Union. He was not of the kind of which demigods or demagogues are made. He did not appeal to his countrymen in their moments of excitement or hysteria, but held them when they permitted themselves to be ruled by their sober second thought. The people trusted him because they knew he was of them and belonged to them. They followed him because they knew he represented the very best that was in them. He typified the American character. He possessed in a marked degree the three major senses: a sense of honesty, a sense of proportion or, what is the same thing, common sense, and a sense of humor. His honesty was of the rugged, straightforward, manly kind. There was nothing of the "holier than thou" about Grover Cleveland. He assumed honesty in others, as he did in himself, as a matter of course, and nothing annoyed him more than the suggestion that as an honest man he was entitled to any particular credit. He had only one standard of honesty, by which he measured himself morally, intellectually, and politically. For him the standard was absolute, and right was right and wrong wrong, no matter under what conditions.

As Mayor of Buffalo and as Governor of New York his record was that of a



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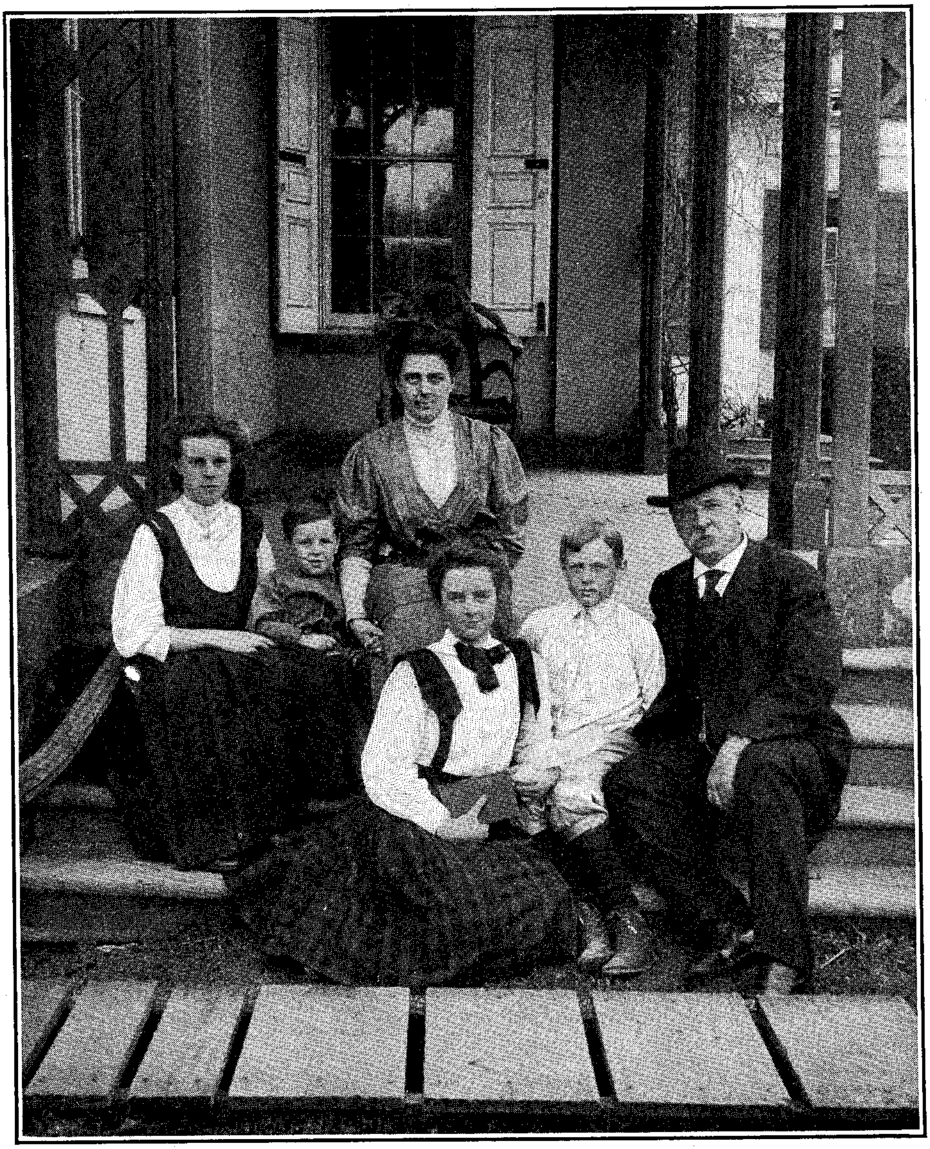
THE CLEVELAND HOME AT PRINCETON

painstaking, conscientious official, never hesitating to make an enemy in the cause of the right, always anxious to make a friend. Loyal in his friendships, fair in his fighting, he retained the affection of his friends and the respect of his enemies. In his early years of public office he acquired the habit of saying no. There is scarcely a word in the English language that is shorter, yet there is none for public men more difficult to utter. The line of least resistance in politics is marked with the word yes. The most dangerous enemies of our country have been the good-natured weaklings who have been unable to resist the unconsidered popular clamor of the hour.

When Cleveland became President, it is true that he lacked experience in National affairs, that he did not understand what is called "the temper of Congress," and, moreover, he never learned to understand it. His experience in executive office was limited. Yet he entered upon the exercise of the greatest office on earth with an equipment such as few Presidents have possessed. He believed in the fundamental principles of his party with the childlike faith of a strong man. He believed that he had been called to serve the people—not any section or faction or part of them, but all alike, the men who had as well as those who had not, the men in the shops and in the fields, the great American people as a whole. He knew exactly what he wished to accomplish, and devoted his eight years of office to the people he loved.

During his first two years of the Presidency he had ample opportunity to show, and he did show, his ability to say no. He began his policy of vetoing unworthy private bills, which, for a time at least, brought Senators and Representatives to a realization of the fact that the Treasury ought not to be treated as a pasture for favored constituents. He broke all records by vetoing 115 out of 987 bills in his first session. It was not until his third year of office that he faced his first great crisis. In his annual Message sent to the Congress in December, 1887, he demanded a general revision of the tariff. Its effect was immediate and far-reaching. Republicans who had abandoned hope of defeating him at once saw their opportunity, and seized it. Democrats who had expected an easy success were in despair. Revision of the tariff at once became the absorbing issue of the campaign. The President was charged by his party associates with having deliberately thrown away a certain victory, with having failed to consult with most of the Democratic leaders throughout the country, and with having disregarded the advice of those with whom he did confer. All this was wholly true. Cleveland, disregarding the advice of those with whom he consulted, sent the tariff Message of 1887 to the Congress, knowing that in affixing his signature to it he was signing his own political death-warrant. He knew that the only hope for the triumph of the principle of tariff reform lay in



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MR. CLEVELAND AND HIS FAMILY AT THEIR HOME educating the people to its justice and necessity, and that, as all great causes have their martyrs, it was inevitable that he should be the first. No President ever performed an act of greater moral courage than did Grover Cleveland in signing his first tariff Message.

As early as 1885, in a letter to General Warner, Mr. Cleveland put himself squarely on record against cheap money. After that time there was never the slightest doubt that he would maintain the gold standard, were it humanly possible to do so. The silver wave swept the country, broke, and rolled back to sea, carrying the Democratic party with it, but he stood up against it, firm as a rock. The party, for the moment, adopted new dogmas and new beliefs, but he adhered more firmly than ever to the fundamental doctrines of the past. Before beginning his second term as President he tried to have the Sherman silver purchase law repealed. The hard times of 1893 had already begun, the Treasury was almost at the end of its resources, Congress had been extravagant, and a deficit had taken the place of a surplus. But the Republican leaders, rather than help a Democratic President-elect, preferred to imperil the credit of the Nation, and declined to do anything. When Mr. Cleveland took office, conditions were rapidly growing worse. Banks were breaking and failures increasing; the panic was well under way. He at once called the Fifty-third Congress together and urged upon it its plain duty, to repair the error of its predecessor. The House responded promptly under the leadership of Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia. The Senate, however, delayed. After nearly three months of filibustering a compromise repeal bill was suggested to the President, who declined to consider it for a moment. The Sherman Act was then repealed, and the credit of the country was saved. Four times during his second term Mr. Cleveland was obliged to replenish the gold reserve by the purchase of gold, paid for by United States bonds. Each of these bond issues was essential for the maintenance of the credit and the good name of the United States, yet each one was received with a fanatical outburst of denunciation from many of his own party, and of partisan wrath from many Republicans, who apparently preferred National ruin to salvation at the hands of a Democratic President.

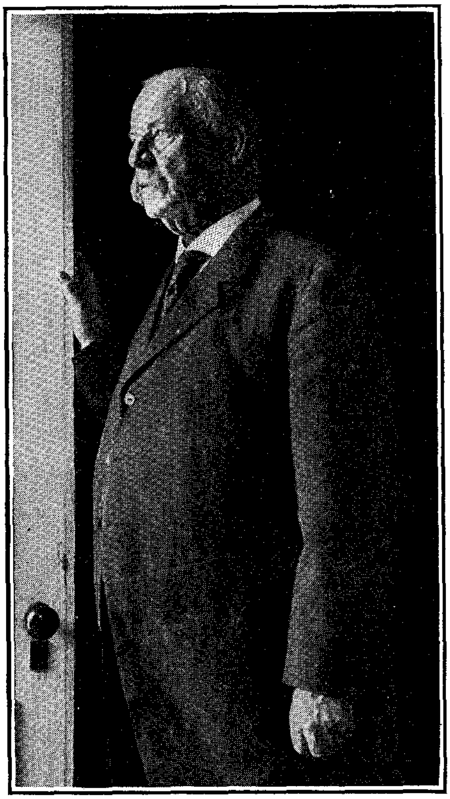
It has been said that had he treated the Democratic leaders in Congress with more consideration and tact, and in a spirit of conciliation, the break in the Democratic party might have been avoided. Those who have said this forget that the only olive branch which the Democratic leaders would have accepted was a sop thrown to the cause of "free silver." The country was trembling on the edge of bankruptcy; any compromise whatsoever would have meant the stoppage of gold payments and absolute National ruin. Mr. Cleveland realized that there was but one way to save the credit of the country, and he saved it.

Curiously enough, those who had been loudest in their praise of his position on the currency question were harshest in their abuse of him for his attitude in the Venezuela matter, and yet he had done nothing more than any patriotic American President ought to have done, nothing more than any patriotic American should have wanted him to do. He had asserted the Monroe Doctrine in its fullest sense. Not the Monroe Doctrine of our later years, which seems to be an elastic, all-sufficient excuse for any vagary of foreign policy upon which Government may care to embark; but the Monroe Doctrine that he had been taught in his youth, the Monroe Doctrine because of which Maximilian went to his death, and through which the independence of Central and South America from foreign interference has been secured.

There are those who have with perfect seriousness criticised the Venezuela incident upon the ground that it might have meant war with Great Britain. No one knew that better than Grover Cleveland. Much as he deplored the thought of war, much as he knew the necessity of peace for the prosperity and happiness of his countrymen, he nevertheless felt that an intolerable condition existed which must be brought to an end, even at the risk of war. As every one knows, Great Britain yielded, and the findings of the arbitrators amply justified Cleveland's course.

Take it all in all, probably the bravest act of his life was the suppression of anarchy in Chicago. The Governor of the State of Illinois openly sided with the rioters and vigorously protested against National interference. It was said at the time that Cleveland had violated the doctrine of States' rights and had proclaimed the undemocratic doctrine of centralization. But he was "confronted with a condition and not a theory," and, realizing the necessity of protecting inter-State commerce and the United States mails, he restored order in the second city of the country, and taught anarchy a lesson that it has not yet forgotten. Just as Andrew Jackson arbitrarily suppressed nullification in South Carolina, so Cleveland with a firm and undoubtedly a high hand suppressed lawlessness in Chicago.

Every leading act of his career was done in the face of the most violent abuse. It is as absurd as it is untrue to say that he courted unpopularity. He cared as much as any other man for the good opinion of his fellows, but he was unwilling to buy that good opinion at the price of principle. Had it been no effort for him to breast the tide of unpopularity, he would have deserved no credit for doing so. He had so profound a belief in the common sense of the people that he knew that, sooner or later, time, that great righter of all injustice, would vindicate him with them. That he was right, time has proved.



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A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. CLEVELAND

The question has often been asked, "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" Mr. Cleveland's life after he left the White House is a convincing answer.

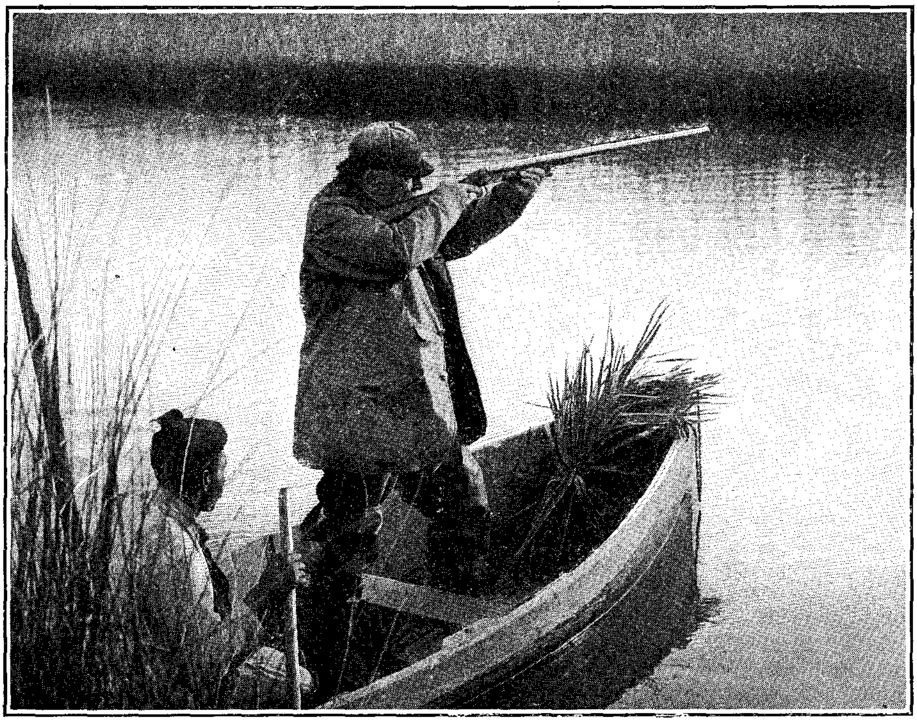
In 1896, while still President, he attended the sesquicentennial celebration at Princeton. Like every one who has seen that most beautiful of college towns, he was greatly attracted by it. The charm of the place, the life, the people, all appealed to him. He bought Westlands, one of the old Stockton country places, and on his sixtieth birthday, March 18, 1897, moved in. Soon afterward he was elected a life trustee of the University, and, in the course of time, chairman of its committee on the graduate college. To Princeton, but especially to the development of its graduate college, he gave much thought and care and interest. He was a firm believer in Princeton, and was convinced that her influence for good in the future lay not only in the undergraduate department, but especially in the opportunities given for graduate study and research. He once said to a Princeton graduate with whom he was talking, "You, who are a college man, cannot appreciate as much as I do, who am not, the benefits of a college education. I believe that post-graduate work is even, if possible, of greater importance. I pray that I may live to see our graduate college established on a firm foundation." That his hopes were almost realized is largely due to his painstaking care and hard work.

His life in Princeton was as dignified

and as simple as he was himself. He made friends easily and retained them always. He was intensely human, with deep sympathy and charity for his fellowman. He loved "God's out of doors" and all that it contains. He did not care for exercise for its own sake, but he was a sportsman through and through. Whether it was duck-shooting or fly-fishing, he enjoyed them both with the zest of a boy. He was not expansive with strangers, but with the friends who surrounded him in later years he was a wise counselor and a delightful companion.

During the last few years of his life he became a trustee for the reorganization of the Equitable Life. He felt that there was man's work to be done, as there was, and that he was doing something for the small policy-holders, the people he loved, his people, and he did it. This took him to New York two days a week. Most of the time he spent in Princeton, happy in his home, caring for Westlands, caring for the graduate college, seeing his friends, respected by all who knew of him, loved by all who knew him. His was the ideal life of a statesman in retirement. Sometimes he wrote for the magazines, sometimes he spoke in public. When in office, his public papers were often criticised by his opponents as being stilted and ponderous. Yet his style was pure and powerful. His English was almost that of the eighteenth century in its carefulness and strength. Occasionally he uttered a phrase so direct and so powerful that it will live. His "Public office is a public trust," his "Any cause that is worth fighting for is worth fighting for to the end," his "innocuous desuetude," and his "It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us," have become household words with the American people. His little sketch "A Defense of Fishermen" is a complete refutation of the charge that he lacked a sense of humor. In lightness of touch, in charm, in simplicity, and in humor it is delightful.

He never lost his interest in politics, nor his hope for the ultimate success of the party to which he belonged. In



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DUCK SHOOTING NEAR GENERAL ALEXANDER'S HOME IN SOUTH CAROLINA political affairs his counsel was always wise and sound, his advice was always invaluable.

What Cleveland's place will be in history, time alone can tell. One thing is certain, in sincerity of purpose and honesty of action few Presidents have equaled him and none has surpassed him. He was not a brilliant man. He thought slowly. But when once he had grasped a subject, he had mastered it. He was neither a great orator, nor a great rhetorician, nor a great politician. There was nothing dramatic about him, nothing sensational. He did not know how to appeal to the gallery, and had he known how, he would have scorned to do so. He did not know how to manipulate men, nor how to trim sail for party advantage. He fought the good fight stubbornly, and won, and having done so, died as he wished to die, in the home he loved.

He did more than any of his contemporaries to elevate the standard of public life, to expose hypocrisy and sham, to emphasize straightforward honesty and virile manhood.

Not great by the flashes of genius, not throned in the glory of a solitary achievement, Grover Cleveland was great in the unswerving course of right, unmoved by passing storms, great in his example to his countrymen.

DELIA AND I

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Delia and I are driving alone,—
Driving, driving;
Sleepily jogs the reliable roan,
And over the meadows the blossoms are blown,
And the song of the thrush finds an echoing tone—
Shriving,
Shriving my soul to be clear as her own.

Delia and I are moving content,—
Moving, moving;
And few words are spoken, but many are meant;
She smiles at the sunshine, on *her* I'm intent,
And still through the wood steals the jessamine scent,
Proving,
Proving our hearts and laughing at Lent.

Delia and I are turning toward home,—
Turning, turning;
The stars are alight in the infinite dome,—
The field-hues have faded to glimmering chrome,
The moon-ship is launched from horizons of loam;—
Learning,
Learning the roads that lead lovers to Rome!

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EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

A GENTLE HUMORIST

THOSE who find a whimsical friend good company have reason to be grateful to Edward Verrall Lucas. As biographer he has enabled them, if they are readers of English, to join the companions of Charles Lamb and share in that life in which Lamb's genius for friendship bloomed. In this biography it is not easy to place one's hand on Mr. Lucas's art. It is so self-effacing that the work seems artless. On reflection, the reader might be inclined to wonder at the labor which the product involved; for it is evident that it has come only by a vast deal of selection. Mr. Lucas seems not so much to be the narrator as the stage manager. He seems not so much to tell the story of Charles and Mary Lamb as to make it easy for them and their friends to tell it. With further reflection, however, the reader discovers that this is the product, not merely of happy labor or of literary skill, but of a temperament singularly congenial to the subject. One fancies that Charles Lamb himself would enjoy this biography.

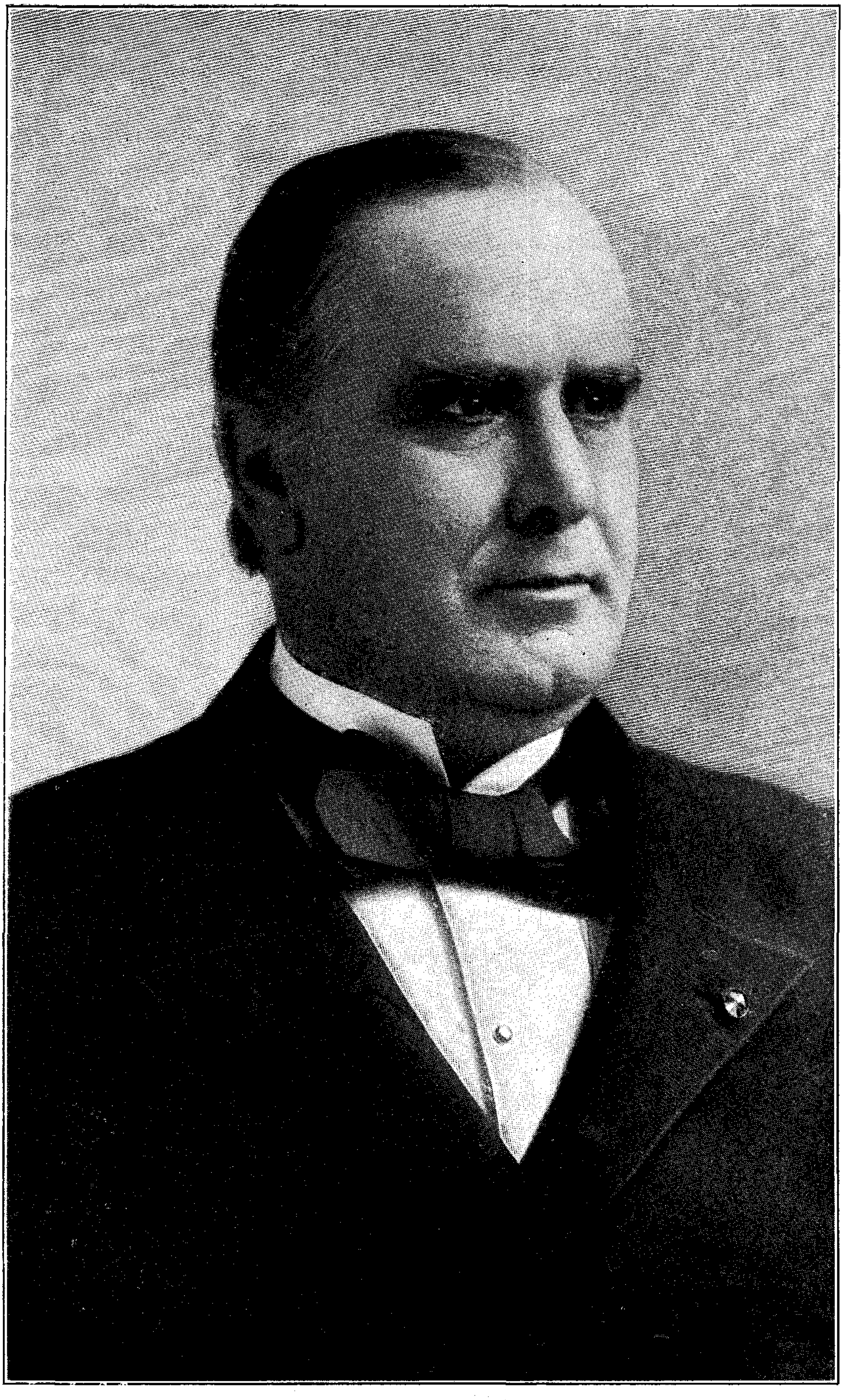
If the reader would care to learn how a man may invest a volume with his own humor and yet, beyond a brief preface and postscript, write scarcely more than a dozen consecutive words of his own at a time, and these only in the scattered introductory sentences and titles, let him read Mr. Lucas's recent little volume, "The Gentlest Art." Here are gathered some of the letters that Mr. Lucas has found in a great variety of sources most to his liking. They range from one in which a sailor asks his brother to buy him some tobacco, to that in which "the Swan of Lichfield contemplates the ocean;" they include letters of Stevenson and FitzGerald; of Carlyle and Swift and Pliny; of Lamb of course, and Sydney Smith; of little children and of Lewis Carroll; of Macaulay and illiterates; of novelists, poets, and even of persons that were never in the flesh. With this volume in hand one is transported even to the kitchens of the great.

The humorist is one who can at will or at whim select his point of view. It is as a humorist that Mr. Lucas writes of Lamb; it is as a humorist that he selects these letters; it is as a humorist that he has done all his work. And that work has been prolific. From his hand have come a half-dozen collections—poems, stories, letters—besides the collected works of Charles and Mary Lamb, literary studies, essays, stories, travel sketches, verses, satires, burlesques, and even some volumes on sports and pastimes.

Of the twenty-three listed titles under his name, several were written or compiled for children. Is it possible for any one but the humorist really to catch the point of view of the child? At any rate, Mr. Lucas has caught that point of view, and from it has offered to children reading that can truly be called literature. It is to share that point of view that he also invites older readers in the six stories which The Outlook will shortly publish from his pen.

Mr. Lucas is one of the editors of Punch. It is Punch's distinction that while numberless journals have been in pursuit of the comic spirit, it has succeeded in holding fast to the refreshing spirit of humor. In his series on "Life's Little Difficulties," published first in Punch and now included in his new volume, "Character and Comedy," as in his other contributions, Mr. Lucas has not denied his sense of literary form its satisfaction.

Mr. Lucas was born in 1868. He lives at Sparks Haw, Froghole, Edenbridge, Kent. The very address breathes of England and of the leisure that, in spite of his busy life, informs all that he writes. He is an inveterate walker and a cricket player, and has the English love of outdoor sport. He had his turn for a while at daily journalism. His labors on the life and works of Lamb occupied him from 1900 to 1905. Collections, essays, and stories, including the tale, in the form of letters, entitled "Listener's Lure," followed. The stories which The Outlook is about to publish bring this extraordinary record to the present.



WILLIAM McKINLEY

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN EXPANSION

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

EIGHTH PAPER

WILLIAM McKINLEY AND THE TRANSMARINE POSSESSIONS

AFTER the acquisition of Alaska in 1867 more than thirty years passed before the United States made another territorial addition. But in the interval there were many indications that the expansionistic impulse was still active. Attempts were made to purchase Denmark's possessions in the West Indies; the annexation of San Domingo was vigorously urged, particularly by President Grant; there was much talk of bringing Cuba into the American fold; and, finally, the idea of securing a foothold in the mid-Pacific by annexing the Hawaiian Islands found wide favor. For one reason or another all of these projects failed, saving only the annexation of Hawaii. And the accomplishment of this, although it could hardly have been delayed much longer, must be credited, not to any premeditated design, but to a purely fortuitous event that brought about the acquisition, not of Hawaii alone, but of new lands far more extensive and valuable than Hawaii.

This event was the unexpected outbreak of a war with Spain—a war waged not in any spirit of conquest or spoliation, but in the great cause of humanity. The seeds of the conflict were sown in the autumn of 1896, when, in order to crush a rebellion that had begun in the island colony of Cuba the preceding year, the Spanish commanding general put into effect a so-called reconcentration policy. He had discovered that the great majority of the Cuban peasantry sympathized with and gave aid to the rebels. So, in order to cut off this source of assistance, he ordered the soldiery to compel the people to abandon their homes and move to the vicinity of the fortified towns. Here, under the watchful eye of brutal guards, they were penned up like cattle. Crowded together in noisome quarters, poorly clothed, lacking good food, and forced to drink impure water, these unfortunates died by the thousand. At the spectacle a cry of horror and wrath went up from the whole civilized world.

In especial, the people and Government of the United States voiced the universal indignation, President Cleveland sounding a warning note to Spain in the course of his last Message to Congress. But diplomatic hints and open protests alike went unheeded. No matter what the cost in human life, the Spanish Government was resolved to stamp out the rebellion and re-establish its authority. Soon the entire island, seat of vast and prosperous plantations, was transformed into a bleeding, desolate waste. And still, with incredible heroism, the rebels maintained themselves against a long succession of troops sent out from Spain. Again the United States remonstrated, sending a new Minister to Madrid with special instructions to emphasize the necessity of terminating the unendurable state of affairs in Cuba. The sole result was the recall of the barbaric commanding general and a modification of the reconcentration order. Fighting continued as before, with all its attendant horrors. On the night of

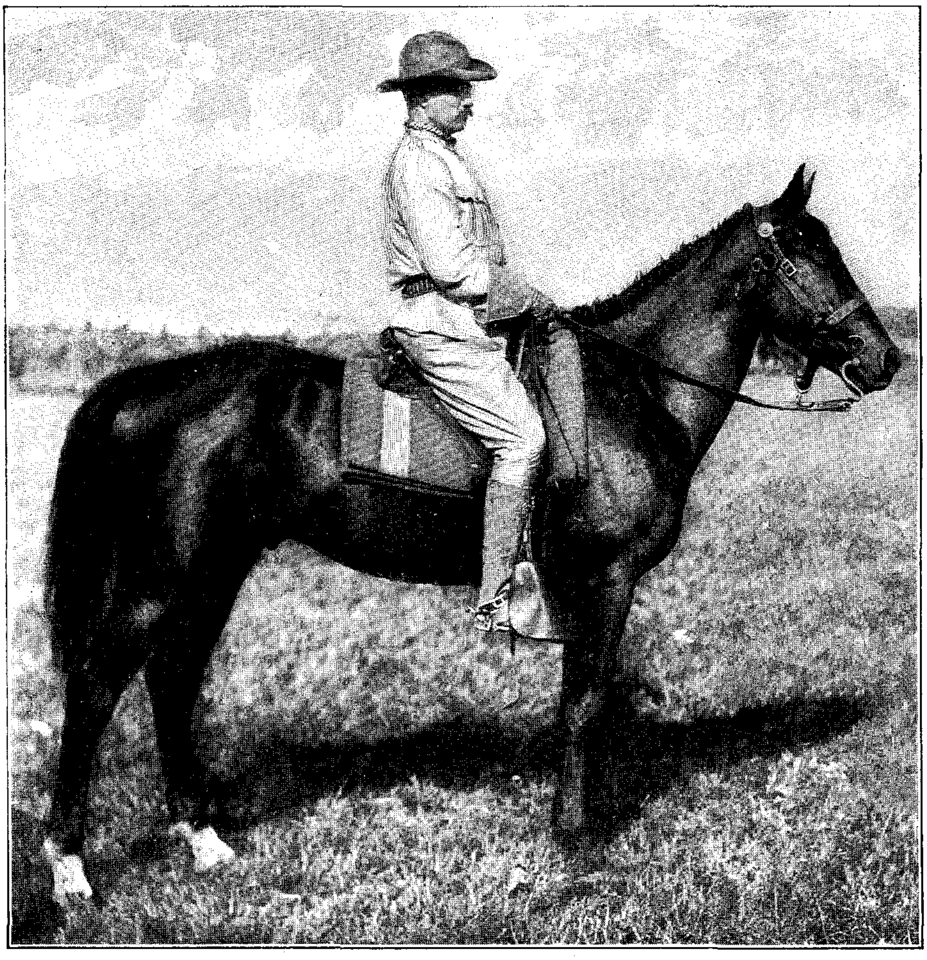
February 15, 1898, the climax was reached when the United States battleship Maine, while lying peacefully at anchor in Havana harbor, was blown to pieces, with a loss of more than two hundred and sixty officers and men.

At once, from Maine to California, the length and breadth of the land, rose a demand for vengeance, a cry for war, instant war. But there were those who felt that Spain should yet be given a chance, that the responsibility for this appalling catastrophe must be fixed before proceeding to extremities. And chief among the restraining influences that imposed patience on the wrathful Nation was its new President, William McKinley. He had already denounced Spain's Cuban policy in measured but forceful terms. He had urged upon the Spanish Government the importance of effecting a speedy and honorable peace with the Cubans. He had plainly intimated that, failing such a settlement, the United States, out of self-interest as well as for humanity's sake, would feel obliged to resort to armed intervention. But all the time he had been hopeful that war between the United States and Spain might yet be averted. And now that the crisis had been reached in this strange and terrible fashion, he was more than ever determined to give Spain opportunity to end her sanguinary dealings with her unhappy Cuban subjects. Cuba, not the Maine, must be the issue. If war came, it must be a righteous war, not a war of blind, unreasoning revenge.

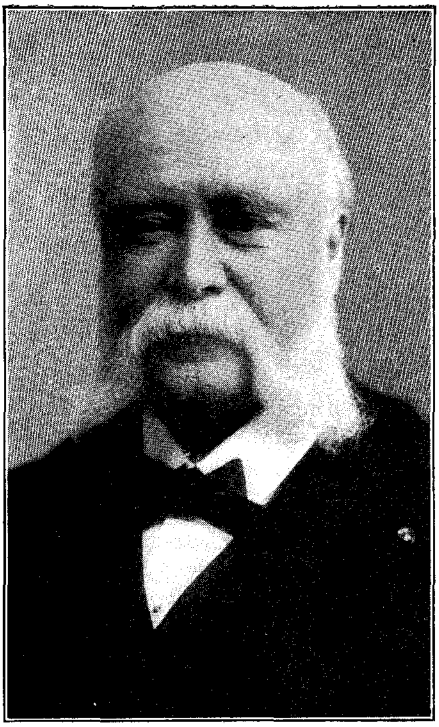
A fine, strong man, this McKinley—a man greatly misunderstood in his day, and only now beginning to be appreciated. The dominant figure in our study of the latest steps in the territorial growth of the United States, it will be well to fix him clearly in our mind's eye. A man of dignified, impressive, self-contained presence that added considerably to his five feet nine of physical stature, he looked at one frankly out of honest eyes. His very handshake bespoke his nature—warm, ardent, sincere. Yet he was not a man to be read at a glance. In private life full of humor, fond of a joke and a good story, his public demeanor was reserved, solemn, almost distant. He inspired in the multitude none of the enthusiasm that had been felt for Jackson, Clay, and other National idols. Yet it would be hard to name another American in whom the people at large felt such abiding confidence. Men trusted in him because of his patent devotion to the highest ideals—ideals of Christian living, of domestic virtue, of public rectitude—and because of his obvious and phenomenal insight into the desires and needs of the Nation. This last characteristic brought from his enemies, and from those who were not his enemies but knew him not at all, the accusation that he was truckling and time-serving and a slave to the fitful changes of public opinion, letting himself be drawn with it whithersoever it might lead. But the truth was very different. On occasion—and the interval between the destruction of the Maine and the outbreak of war was one of such occasions—he could and did manfully withstand public opinion. His strength lay in his instinctive ability to grasp the sentiments of the Nation and direct those sentiments along lines that made for National safety, honor, and greatness.

He was always a believer in the destiny and capacity of the United States for great achievements. From the days of his young manhood he translated that belief into action. When the first gun rang out in the Civil War, he was a poor, unknown youth struggling for an education in a small Ohio town. Thither came an orator bearing Lincoln's call for troops. "Our flag has been fired on," he cried; "who will be the first to defend it?" Out from the throng stepped a little group of young men, McKinley among them. For fourteen months he served in the ranks, his one thought the preservation of the Union. Throughout the war he took part in every engagement fought by his regiment, the celebrated Twenty-third Ohio. At Antietam his bravery won him a lieutenancy. For gallantry at Opequan, Cedar Creek, and Fisher's Hill Lincoln made him a major by brevet. He figured in the last act of the long conflict, the grand review at Washington of the united armies of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. Then, laying down his sword, he returned to Ohio to begin the study of law; after which, in a few short years, he embarked on the Congressional career that won him speedy fame as a builder of Greater America. From the first he was identified with the tariff movement that did so much to lift the United States to a foremost place among the nations of the world. Soon McKinley and Protection became synonymous terms. As early as 1888 he might have had the Republican nomination for the Presidency had it not been for his loyalty to John Sherman. Again in 1892 there was a determined movement to nominate him. And finally, in 1896, the prediction made by Blaine many years earlier found its vindication. William McKinley was nominated and elected Chief Magistrate of the United States.

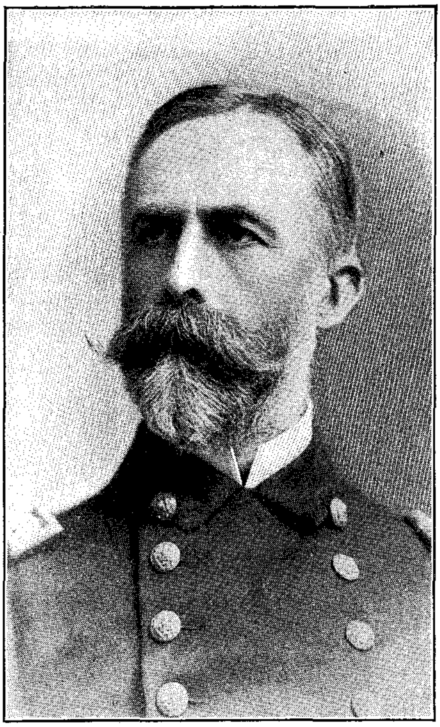
So there he stood in the White House, in the chill spring days of 1898, face to face with the prospect of war. Did war come, there could be only one result—certain and overwhelming victory for the United States. Since the days when Jackson challenged the wrath of Spain by his daring raids into Florida, the disparity between the strength and resources of the two countries had become constantly and glaringly more apparent. On the one side was a young, lusty, vigorous people, in the full flush of a long and almost uninterrupted period of progress and prosperity. On the other, a decrepit, enervated, backward nation. No more convincing illustration of the material power of the United States could have been found than the action of Congress in voting an appropriation of $50,000,000 to be placed at the Presi-



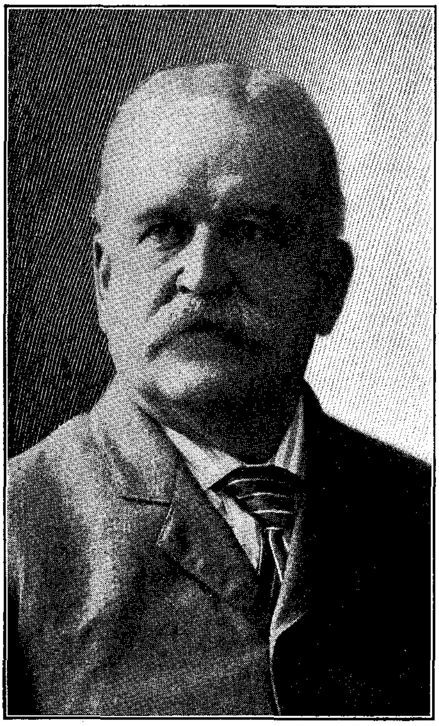
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WHEN HE WAS COLONEL OF THE ROUGH RIDERS



STEWART L. WOODFORD
Formerly Minister to Spain



WILLIAM T. SAMPSON
Rear-Admiral North Atlantic Squadron



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JOHN D. LONG
Ex-Secretary of the Navy

PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH & BRO.

WINFIELD S. SCHLEY
Rear-Admiral South Atlantic Squadron

dent's disposal "as an emergency fund for National defense."

"This morning," wrote Minister Woodford from Madrid, "the papers announce the unanimous passage by the House of Mr. Cannon's bill putting $50,000,000 at your disposal. It has not excited the Spaniards—it has stunned them. To appropriate fifty millions out of money in the Treasury, without borrowing a cent, demonstrates wealth and power. Even Spain can see this. To put this money, without restriction and by unanimous vote, absolutely at your disposal demonstrates entire confidence in you by all parties. The Ministry and the press are simply stunned." But Spain, instead of accepting the sufficient hint, replied by securing a war loan of $40,000,000 from the Bank of Spain. Even the patient McKinley's patience became exhausted. On April 11 he sent his significant message to Congress—"In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests, which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop." Before the month was out the first gun in the conflict with Spain had been fired and an epoch-making despatch had flashed around the world to an American naval officer at Hongkong. This officer was George Dewey, commanding the Asiatic squadron, and the despatch, which he had been expectantly awaiting, simply said: "War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors.—LONG."

For our purpose it is not necessary to dwell on the splendid manner in which Dewey responded to this appeal—steaming into Manila harbor and crushing the Spanish fleet under the very guns of the protecting Spanish forts. The important point to us is the fact that Dewey's victory led directly to territorial acquisitions by the United States. First among these, in point of time, was the acquisition not of the Philippine but of the Hawaiian Islands. Ever since 1893, when the native monarchy was overturned in a revolution fostered, if not fathered, by American settlers, there had been a determined movement looking to the incorporation of Hawaii in the American domain. This idea, in fact, had first been mooted as early as 1853, when Marcy proposed to annex the islands lest they should fall into the hands of other Powers, and also as a means of strengthening American influence in the Pacific. But annexation found few advocates in the United States until the revolution of 1893 had become an accomplished fact. And even then it was bitterly opposed as soon as the discovery was made that the Hawaiians expected to be admitted into the Union on a basis of Statehood. Still, the influences in favor of annexation were so strong that a treaty was actually negotiated and submitted to the United States Senate by President Harrison. Before action could be had, Harrison was succeeded by Cleveland, who promptly withdrew the treaty and, after careful inquiry, refused to resubmit it, declaring that the lawful government of Hawaii had been disrupted through American agency and that under the circumstances it would be grossly improper for the United States to annex the islands. After this the question slumbered until 1897, when the Republican party returned to power and a new annexation treaty was negotiated. It was seen, however, that the Statehood idea would still prove an insuperable obstacle; and accordingly, acting on the precedent established in the annexation of Texas, it was decided to endeavor to annex Hawaii by joint resolution of both Houses of Congress, the resolution to provide merely that the islands should become "a part of the territory of the United States."

This was the situation when the cable brought from the Far East the news of Dewey's success. Following his first despatch came a second, announcing that he could take the city of Manila at any time. But it was evident that he did not have a force strong enough to hold it, if Spain sent out reinforcements, and at once the President determined to rush out troops to his aid. With this decision, and with the open violations of neutrality by the people of Hawaii,

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ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

PHOTOGRAPH BY GESSFORD

GENERAL FRANCIS V. GREENE

who allowed the American war-ships and transports to use Honolulu as a naval base, an additional reason was found for annexing the islands. From the strategic if from no other point of view, they were certain to prove of incalculable value to the United States. Perceiving this, McKinley was quick to act. On his recommendation, the joint resolution was brought up and adopted, in the House by a vote of 209 to 91, and in the Senate by 42 to 21. July 7, 1898, it was definitely approved. Little more than a month later, and, oddly enough, on the same day that the peace protocol, marking the beginning of the end of the Spanish war, was signed at Washington, the United States Government took formal possession of Hawaii. Thus was consummated the first territorial addition of the McKinley administration.

It was not one, however, in which McKinley himself played the predominating rôle that he achieved in the later acquisitions, and more particularly in the acquisition of the Philippine Islands. The war, as need hardly be recalled, was a succession of unbroken victories for American arms. Sampson and Schley destroyed a Spanish fleet in Cuban waters with almost as little difficulty as Dewey had experienced in wiping out that other Spanish fleet in far-away Manila Bay. Roosevelt and his Rough Riders attained international fame on Cuban soil. Miles, with scarcely an effort, mastered Porto Rico, whose native inhabitants built triumphal arches in the invaders' honor. In the Spanish mid-Pacific possessions of the Ladrone group, a single war-ship sufficed for the capture of the island of Guam. Utterly at the mercy of the United States, Spain in four short months was glad to sue for peace. And by the terms of the protocol, signed August 12, as preliminary to the conclusion of a definite treaty, she expressly relinquished "all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba," and ceded to the United States the island of Porto Rico, "and also an island in the Ladrones to be selected by the United States."

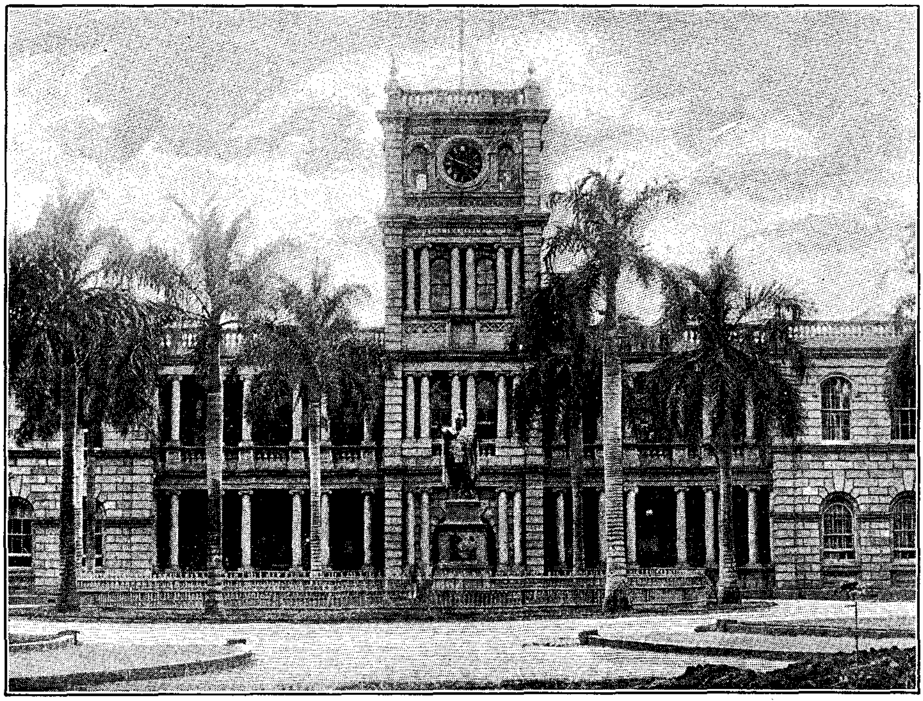
The crucial problem, for the United States as well as for Spain, was the question of what should be done with the Philippines. Inhabited by fierce and warlike tribes, these islands had long been in a chronic state of insurrection against the characteristic misrule of their Spanish overlords. In 1896 there was an organized uprising, which was stamped out only through the defection of its leaders, who were bribed to leave the islands. One of these leaders, a shrewd and quick-witted Malay named Aguinaldo, was at Hongkong when Dewey received his orders to attack the Spanish fleet, and he at once resolved to return to the Philippines and organize a new rebellion. Carrying out this resolution, he soon raised a native force strong enough to invest Manila by land, while Dewey blockaded it with his war-ships. And, late in June, though without any official recognition from the American Admiral, the fiery Filipinos formally declared the islands free and independent, and elected Aguinaldo as their first President.

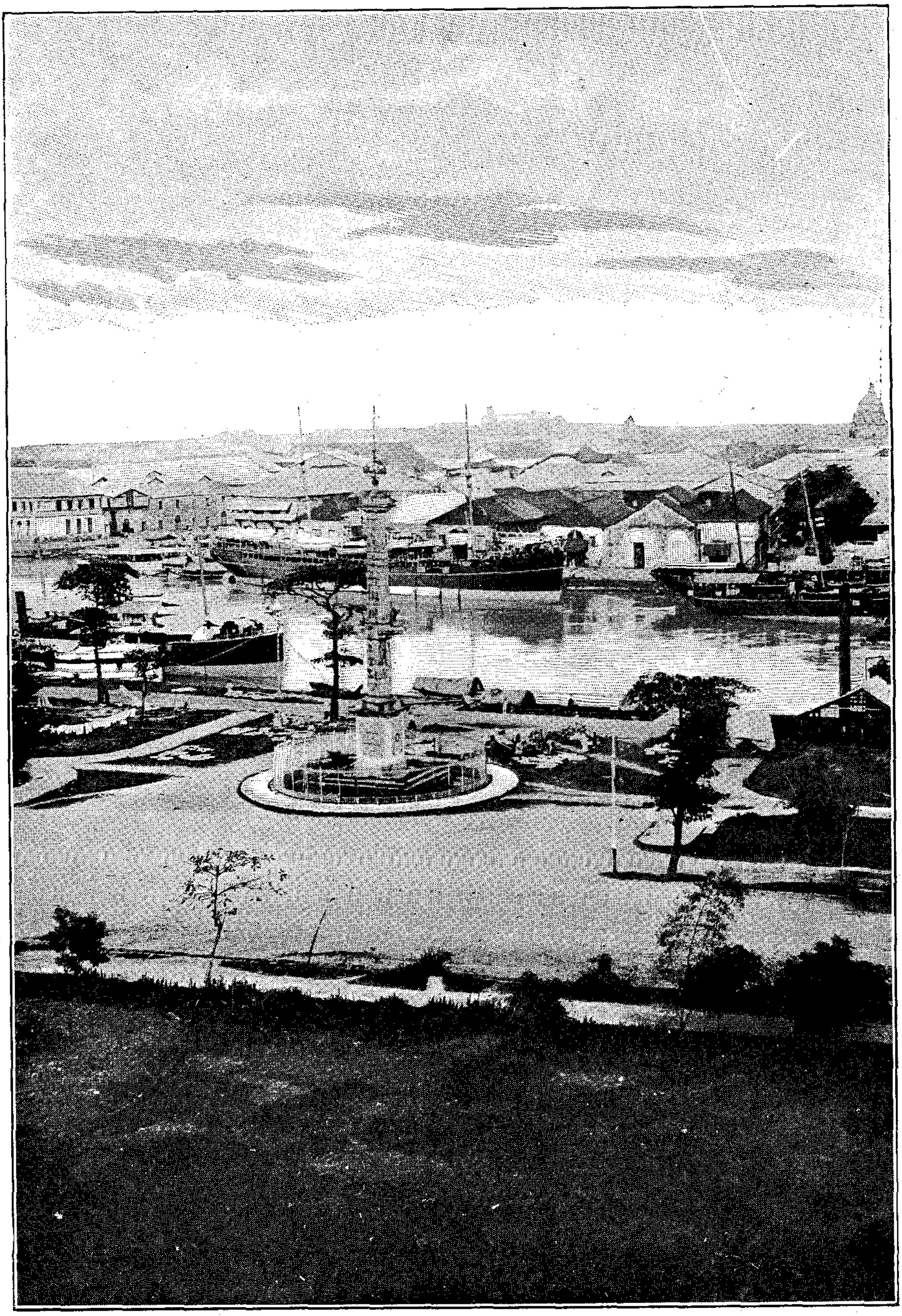
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES

Here, then, was one perplexing factor in the situation. There were many others. Hardly had the echoes of the battle of Manila Bay died away before it was realized that if the logical fruits of Dewey's victory were reaped, the American Nation would enter on a completely new phase of its existence. It would, for the first time, take a place among the colony-owning nations, and be obliged to undertake, in both Hawaii and the Philippines, the governance of dependent and inferior peoples who must for a long time, possibly forever, remain in a state of tutelage. In the case of Hawaii, absorption by the United States had been a result not of conquest or coercion, but of the expressed desire of the inhabitants. The Filipinos, on the other hand, were believed to aspire to independence, and might be expected to oppose American sovereignty as bitterly as they had Spanish domination. If, under such circumstances, the islands were brought under American control, against the consent of the governed, what would become of the bed-rock principles on which the United States had been founded? And, in any event, where under the Constitution could authority be had for the establishment of a colonial system, for the inclusion under the American flag of dependencies whose inhabitants were not fit, and might never become fit, to enjoy the rights and privileges of full American citizenship?

These considerations, reinforced by others which it is not necessary to detail here, led a certain element of the American people, including some of the most thoughtful and public-spirited citizens, to denounce the idea of colonial and transmarine expansion, or, as they preferred to call it, the "imperialistic" idea. As early as June 15—the very day, by the way, that the House of Representatives was voting to annex Hawaii—a mass-meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, to protest against oversea expansion; and a resolution was adopted declaring that any annexation of territory as a result of the war would be a violation of National faith. This resolution, of course, rested on the avowed purpose with which the United States had gone to war—namely, to free Cuba from the yoke of Spain. "I speak not of forcible annexation," President McKinley had said in his 1897 Message to Congress, "because that is not to be thought of, and under our code of morality that would be criminal aggression." What the "anti-imperialists" failed to appreciate was the fact that the reference here was to the suspicion, widely entertained abroad, that the United States meant to force a war on Spain in order to acquire Cuba for herself. The National faith was indeed pledged so far as Cuba was concerned—but no farther.

None the less, the opponents of expansion maintained their agitation. Under the auspices of an "Anti-Imperialist League," a systematic campaign was begun to influence public opinion against the idea of embarking on a colonial policy, and, in especial, against holding the Philippines. Representative citizens like John Sherman, Andrew Carnegie, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Carl Schurz, Charles Eliot Norton, Charles Francis Adams, David Starr Jordan, John G. Carlisle, the Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, George F. Edmunds, Samuel Bowles, George S. Boutwell, and Edward Atkinson joined in appeals to the Nation,


THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING AT HONOLULU, HAWAII



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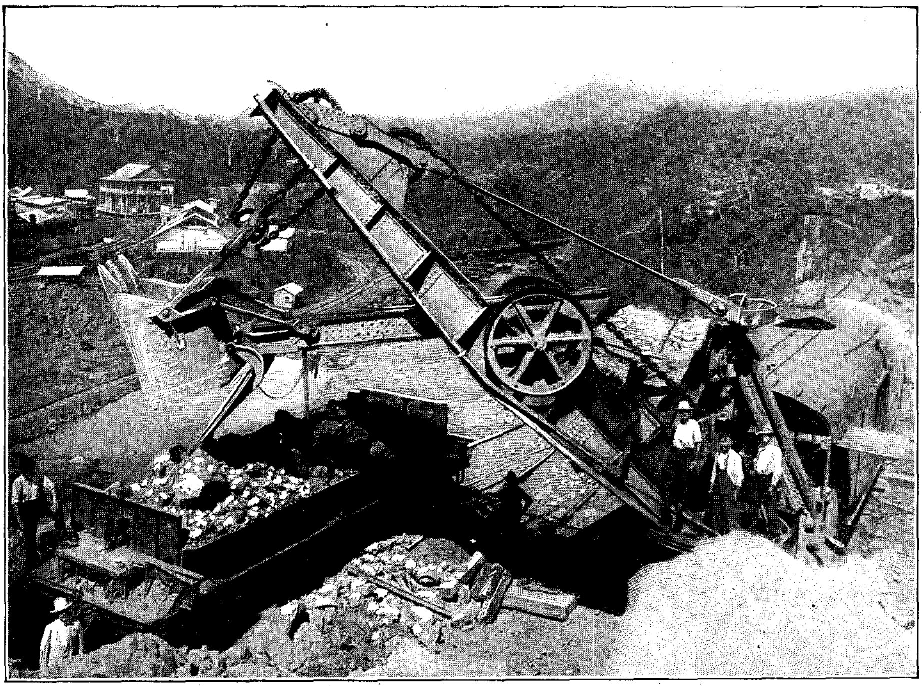
AT ANCHOR AT MANILA, PHILIPPINES



A STEAM SHOVEL AT WORK ON THE PANAMA CANAL

asserting their belief that retention of the Philippines would be "inconsistent with the principles of this Republic, and fraught with danger to its peace and to the peace of the world." With unpatriotic fatuity, some of the more zealous among the "anti-imperialists" even went so far as to oppose a colonial policy on the ground that by its treatment of the negroes, the Indians, and the native Californians, the American Nation had proved itself unfit for ruling subject races.

Undoubtedly the "anti-imperialists" were right in regarding Mr. McKinley as the man above all others responsible for adding the Philippines to the American domain. From first to last he was the controlling spirit in deciding the policy the United States should pursue. But in deciding as he did, he was thoroughly conscientious. The ethical side of the problem was ever uppermost in his mind. What do we owe to ourselves and what do we owe to the Filipinos? There were, he clearly saw, several courses open to the United States. The islands might be retained, temporarily or in perpetuity. They might be ceded to some European power, or to Japan. They might be returned to Spain, in whole or in part. Or they might be turned over to the Filipinos. Which course would it be right and proper for the United States to adopt? The "anti-imperialists," as we have seen, lost no time in deciding that retention, at any rate, would be a highly improper course. Mr. McKinley, placed as he was in a position of the greatest responsibility, hesitated to imitate them in leaping at a conclusion.

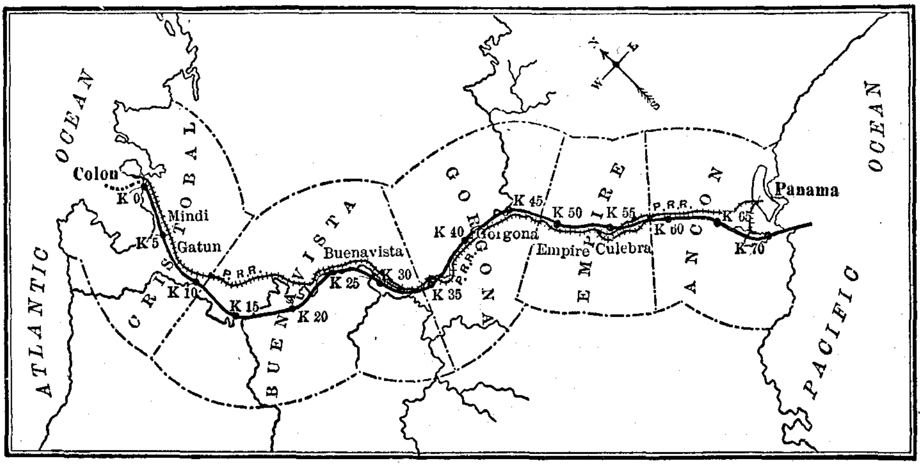
For a while, indeed, he had little opportunity to attack the problem. As Mr. John D. Long, his Secretary of the Navy, grimly said in a conversation with the writer, "We were too busy carrying on war to think much about the Philippines." And for this reason the signing of the peace protocol found the President still undecided. Hence, unlike the definite provisions relating to Cuba and Porto Rico, the Philippine clause in the protocol simply read: "The United States will occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbor of Manila pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines." In the month that intervened between the signing of the protocol and the writing of the preliminary instructions to Messrs. Day, Davis, Frye, Gray, and Reid, the American peace commissioners, the President doubtless made considerable headway in solving the stupendous problem before him. For we find him instructing the commissioners that "the United States cannot accept less than the cession in full right and sovereignty of the island of Luzon." But he was still far from satisfied that this would adequately meet the situation. What he wanted, before definitely making up his mind, was absolute and exact information regarding the state of affairs in the Philippines.

This information was to no small extent supplied on the arrival in Washington of General F. V. Greene, who had been in command of one of the expeditions sent to assist Dewey in capturing and holding Manila. Besides submitting a detailed report to the President, General Greene concisely summed up the results of his personal investigations in a brief memorandum, in which he declared in part:

> If the United States evacuate these islands, anarchy and civil war will immediately ensue and lead to foreign intervention. The insurgents were furnished arms and the moral support of the navy prior to our arrival, and we cannot ignore obligations, either to the insurgents or to foreign nations, which our own acts have imposed upon us. The Spanish Government is completely demoralized, and Spanish power is dead beyond possibility of resurrection. Spain would be unable to govern these islands if we surrendered them. . . . On the other hand, the Filipinos cannot govern the country without the support of some strong nation. They acknowledge this themselves, and say their desire is for independence under American protection; but they have only vague ideas as to what our relative positions would be. . . . The length of our occupation would depend on circumstances as developed in the future, but should be determined solely in our discretion without obligation to or consultation with other Powers.

Testimony to the same effect soon came from Paris, where the American peace commissioners, while negotiating the first clauses of the treaty, gave hearings to American officers and others having a first-hand knowledge of Philippine affairs. Their testimony, however, did not at once produce unanimity of opinion among the commissioners. October 25 they cabled to Washington statements indicating that Judge Day favored occupation of only a part of the islands, that Senator Gray did not deem it wise to take the Philippines either in whole or in part, and that Messrs. Frye, Davis, and Reid agreed in advocating retention of the entire archipelago. With this majority view the President was by now in hearty concurrence. Back flashed a despatch to Paris, clear-cut, concise, and emphatic:

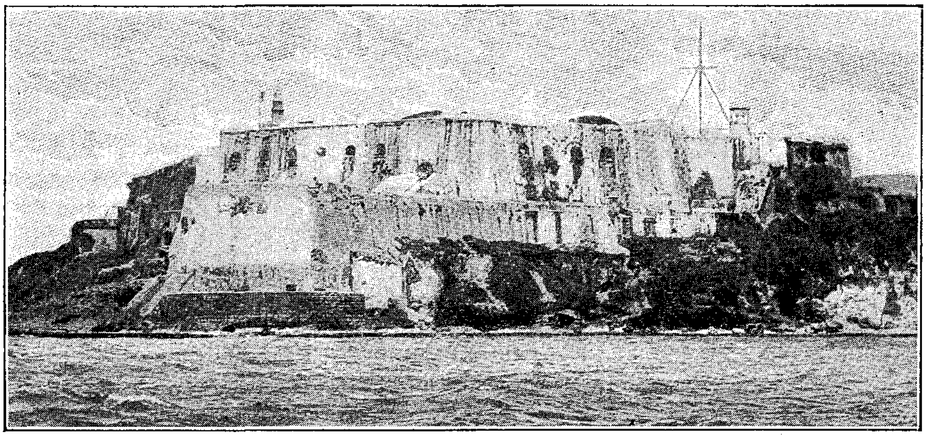
> The information which has come to the President since your departure convinces him that the acceptance of the cession of Luzon alone, leaving the rest of the islands subject to Spanish rule, or to be the subject of future contention, cannot be justified on political, commercial, or humanitarian



PANAMA CANAL ZONE, DIVIDED INTO FIVE MUNICIPALITIES grounds. The cession must be of the whole archipelago or none. The latter is wholly inadmissible, and the former must therefore be required. The President reaches this conclusion after most thorough consideration of the whole subject, and is deeply sensible of the grave responsibilities it will impose, believing that this course will entail less trouble than any other and besides will best subserve the interests of the people involved, for whose welfare we cannot escape responsibility.—HAY.

Thus, in a few words, was summed up the result of weary weeks of anxious deliberation. Only those who knew the President well can realize the mental and spiritual ordeal through which he passed before arriving at his final decision. But it is easy to appreciate how greatly he was cheered and fortified by the consciousness that he could count on the support of the Nation. For, vehement and energetic as the "anti-imperialists" were, they were in reality a feeble minority. Public sentiment was overwhelmingly in favor of the policy which in the end was held by the President to be the best, the wisest, and the most honorable the United States could adopt. But it is important to point out that in trending as it did, public sentiment was inspired by mixed motives. The ethical considerations which may fairly be said to have been paramount in McKinley's mind exercised only a partial influence on the minds of the great mass of Americans. They, there can be no doubt, were largely actuated by the old-time instinct for expansion, the instinct that in the early days led their forefathers across the Alleghanies, across the Mississippi, and across the plains until at last they set foot on the shore of the Pacific. And there was, too, a commercial motive, the motive of utilizing the Philippines as an entering wedge to gain for the United States an opening in the still undeveloped markets of the Far East. The motives were mixed, in truth, partly selfish, partly instinctive, and partly humanitarian, but combining to impel the great Republic along the true path of destiny and duty.

And so it came about that after Spain, solaced by the payment of $20,000,000, had finally consented to sign away her rights to the Philippines, the peace treaty received ratification in the United States Senate, despite the stubborn opposition of the "anti-imperialist" forces. With the exchange of ratifications Spain abandoned her last vestige of sovereignty in the New World, where she had once lorded it supreme, and the United States became the acknowledged possessor of the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, and Guam. Since then only two territorial additions have been made—Tutuila and the smaller Samoan islands which fell to the United States in the partition of 1899, and the ten-mile Canal Zone on the Isthmus of Panama, acquired in 1904. But it would be folly to assert that the last chapter in the history of the territorial growth of the United States has been written. The Nation is still young, still vigorous, still ambitious. Great things lie before it. And as it has done in the past, so will it do in the future—reach out, extend, grow.



MORRO CASTLE, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

THE OLD FARM

BY MADISON CAWEIN

The mellow smell of hollyhocks
And marigolds and pinks and phlox
  Blends with the homely garden scents
Of onions silvering into rods,
Of peppers scarlet with their pods,
  And (rose of all the esculents)
Of broad plebeian cabbages,
Breathing content and corpulent ease.

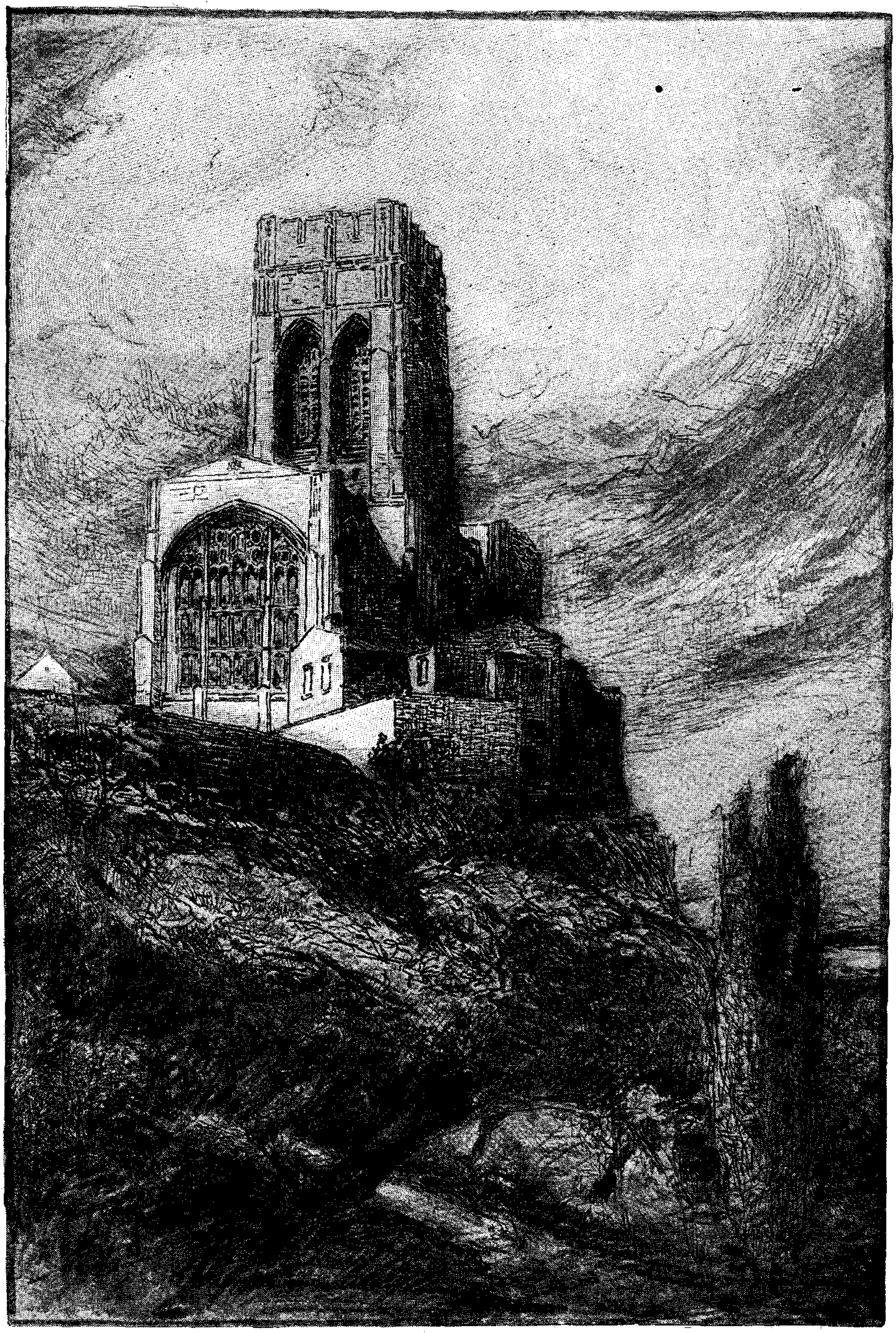
The buzz of wasp and fly makes hot
The spaces of the garden plot;
  And from the orchard, where the fruit
Ripens and rounds, or, loosed with heat,
Rolls, hornet-clung, before the feet,
  Sounds warm the veery's golden flute,
That mixes with the sleepy hum
Of bees that drowsily go and come.

The podded musk of gourd and vine
Embowers a gate of roughest pine,
  That leads into a wood where Day
Sits leaning o'er a forest pool,
Watching the lilies opening cool,
  And dragon-flies at airy play,
While, dim and near, the Quietness
Rustles and stirs her leafy dress.

Far off a cow-bell clangs awake
The Noon who slumbers in the brake;
  And now a pewee plaintively
Whistles the Day to sleep again;
A rain-crow croaks a rune for rain,
  And from the ripest apple tree
A great gold apple thuds, where, slow,
The red cock curves his neck to crow.

Hens cluck their broods from place to place,
While, clinking home, with chain and trace,
  The cart-horse plods along the road
Where Afternoon sits with his dreams;
Hot fragrance of hay-making streams
  Above him, and a high-heaped load
Goes creaking by, and with it, sweet,
The aromatic soul of Heat.

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" the Evenfall
Cries, and the hills repeat the call:
  "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" and by the log
Labor unharnesses his plow,
While to the barn comes cow on cow:
  "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" and, with his dog,
Barefooted Boyhood down the lane
"Coo-ees" the cattle home again.



FROM AN ETCHING BY M. LOEWENBERG

THE NEW CHAPEL NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION

CHURCH CALL AT WEST POINT

BY WILLIAM J. ROE

WITH DRAWINGS BY ALDEN PEIRSON

IN the olden time there was nothing in the bugle call to worship for a cadet at the Military Academy that was in the slightest degree devout or reverent. To the classes of the middle of the nineteenth century those stirring strains meant no more than, candidly, another, and unusually irksome, military duty. In those days Sunday mornings brought the extremely exacting weekly inspection. From reveille to the first drum it was for all of us, especially for the heedless and unmilitary, a time of hard work, of the week's hardest work—cleaning guns, polishing accouterments, setting ourselves and our quarters in camp or barracks in such order as we could, to avert "demerits" and consequent extra tours of punishment guard duty.

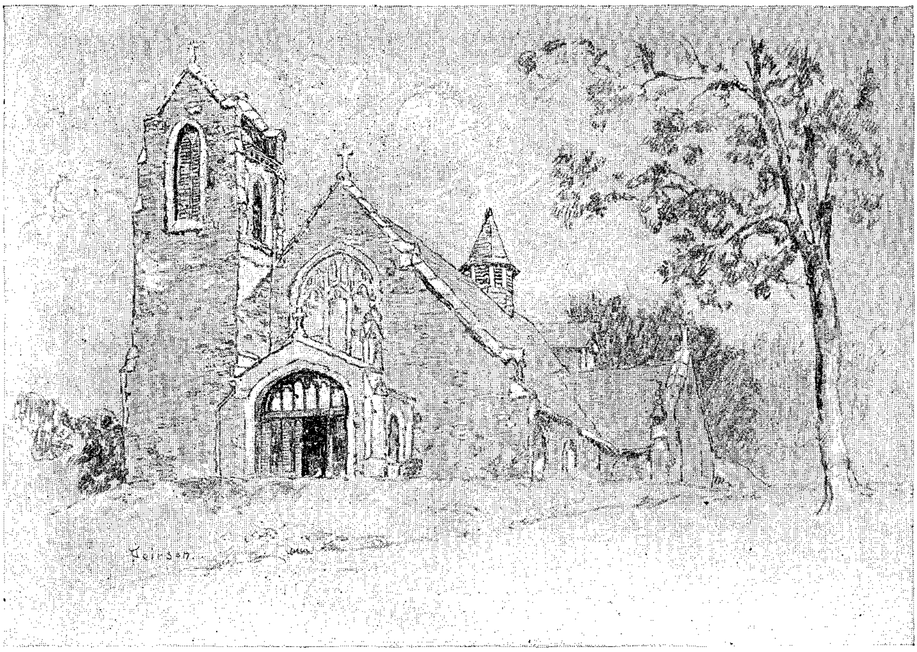
Too often we were unsuccessful, the keen eye of tactical officer or commandant discerning something lacking, to be followed by a merciless "Report Mr. ——" for this, that, or the other fault or failure. No wonder that, inspection over, we found attendance at chapel burdensome. But the time had come. Old Bentz, the bugler, appeared upon "Professors' Row," at first in the far distance, then near and nearer, trilling out the notes of "Church Call."

Unless—as happened, happily, sometimes, to a convalescent just out of hospital—excused from "*all* military duty," we fell into ranks again, answered "Here!" to the first sergeant's glib rattle of names, and, in full dress with side arms, marched to services. It was thus for the majority of the corps of cadets. For a few others the matter of attendance upon public worship was arranged differently, The Federal Government, painfully paternal in most matters, prudently declined to coerce the conscience of even a "plebe." A cadet might avoid attending chapel, but only that "on honor" he pleaded scruples. In those days—chiefly for the benefit of the enlisted men—Methodists and Roman Catholics had a little church of their own down under the hill in Camp Town. It speaks well for men of such diversity of opinion that these two dwelt together under the same roof in utmost harmony, though the Methodists, for afternoon service, carefully covered and boarded over such "papistical" things as altar and candle, cross or crucifix, and a few not very artistic pictures.

Because of having services in the afternoon—when cadets were permitted to "make down their bedding" and enjoy themselves lazily—few of the corps affected Methodism. There were some good Roman Catholics among us, and these, we all thought, had a little the best of it on Sundays, mass being observed very early in the day. This form of devotion, being exceedingly brief, and so quickly ended, proved in many cases too strong a temptation for others—not "good" Catholics—who marched with the really devout across the plain, to come back smiling, and openly glad to have it over.

I have known several rank Protestants who did this thing—on its face rather shameless—fine, honest fellows, with no thought of having denied their faith. Certainly none lost caste thereby.

Perhaps this one incident, and the fact that what might have passed for sacrilege in some communities was utterly ignored, tells enough of the state of religious feeling in the corps of cadets. And yet, even in those "dark ages" of the sixties, a few were found loyal to their inheritance of devotion, whether of



THE CATHOLIC CHAPEL

political and patriotic creed or religious ritual.

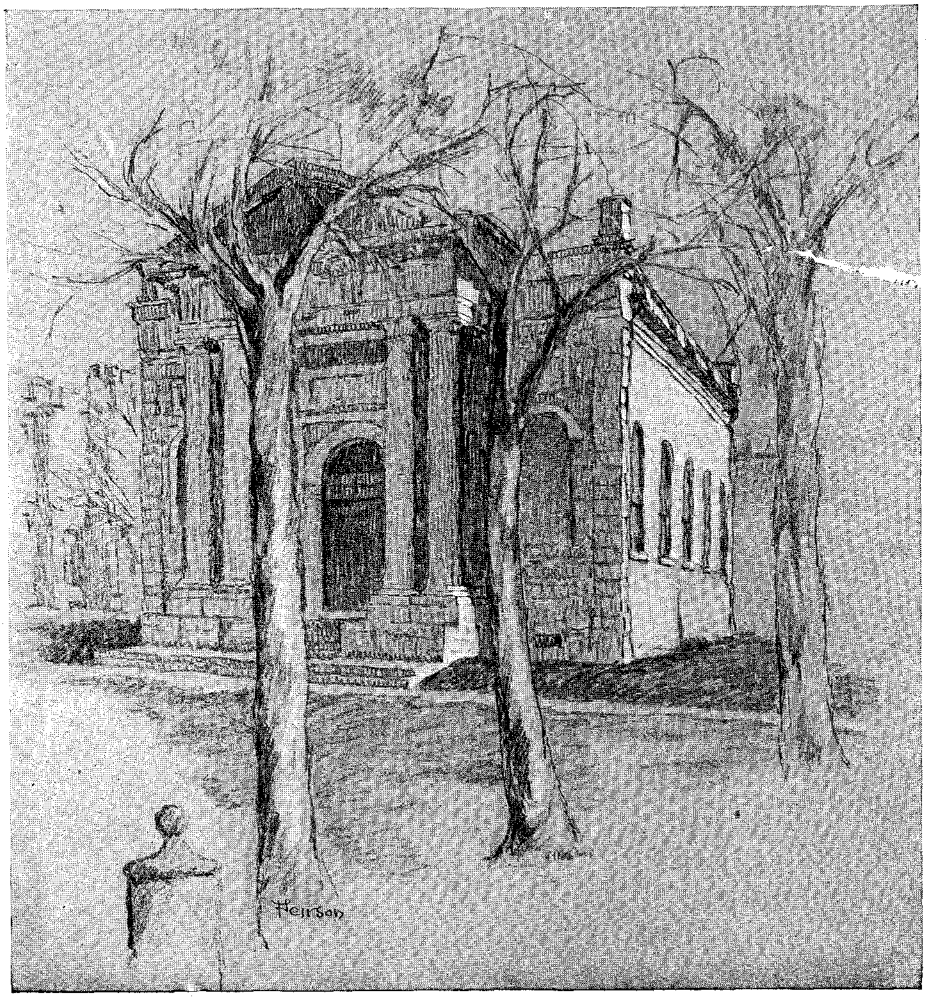
Far further backward in the history of West Point is it possible to go without discerning anything approaching genuine religious life among the cadets. Here and there, glittering amid a dull indifference to things spiritual, certain names flash forth, distinguished beyond their fellows for something higher—Polk, militant bishop of the Confederacy; Vinton (1830), of old Trinity; Deshon (of Grant's class of '43), Paulist priest in New York; and Parsons (of June, '61), dying on the field at Memphis, facing the yellow peril of the South's malignant fever. These are a few names of the olden time that I recall.

Something in the nature of a revival of orthodox religion occurred in 1829, while Dr. Francis Vinton was in the corps, but the results were hardly discernible when the classes that participated had left the Academy. While General Oliver O. Howard, who was graduated in '54, was instructor in the mathematical course, he organized what was known as "Howard's prayer-meeting" among the cadets. He found little to encourage him, not over a beggarly dozen ever attending. The General (then a lieutenant) conducted the services, consisting of a hymn, reading from the Bible, and a prayer. Of the few cadets who came to these meetings several became greatly distinguished during the Civil War.

Such, in most meager outline, is the religious record of the United States Military Academy. Matched by that of almost any other of our universities, many good people, "exemplary Christians," will find it altogether deplorable. There are some who will find in these facts confirmation of a theory concerning war and peace. They will find evidence in support of a fine idealism to exalt tenderness at the expense of strength. To such I think no better answer can be found than that of the Christ to the Pharisees: "How can one enter into a strong man's house, except he first bind the strong man?" It is one thing, with nations as with individuals, to seek strength for aggression; another to prepare for defense by becoming strong.

But there is another aspect to the picture of old-time life at West Point. To account for the somewhat remarkable absence of the outward tokens of religious experience, it is not enough to say that in the very choice by a young man of the trade of war is found evidence of unfaithfulness to the nobler nature. The youths who came to the Academy were from every section of the country, of all grades of society, of varieties of character as diverse as any of similar age admitted to any college; they were no better, no worse, than others. The individual characteristics which collegiate life barely touched (or even assisted to maintain) were at once grasped, somewhat rudely perhaps, but with amazing efficiency, to modify, alter, or even radically change. The routine of instruction seized the young fourth-classman relentlessly; the discipline pressed upon him from the beginning without an instant's relaxation, and—more potential than either instruction or discipline—the constant, intimate, close contact with the upper classes gripped him like a steel vise.

While, as we have seen, the sectarian life of old West Point was quite absent, the young plebe found himself confronted by a moral atmosphere, an environment of faithfulness, far more rigorous and exacting than that of any churchly connection. The code of honor prevailing at West Point, while lacking in what so many regard as tokens of spirituality, was yet most wonderfully effective in the way of training. Doubtless it was more efficient than any church organization for molding and assimilating character.



THE OLD CHAPEL

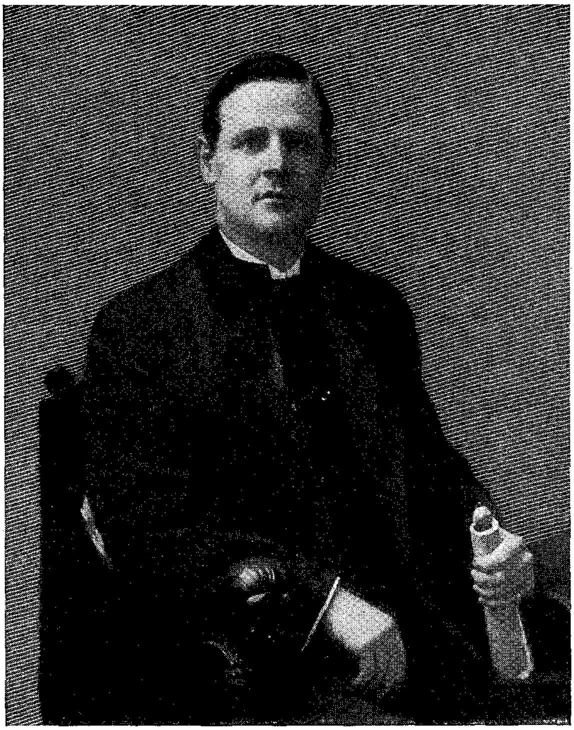
It toned down the brutal and toned up the shy and timid; it made evident to all who entered the Academy that, to survive, it was essential to "endure hardness;" that the course of instruction must be not merely gone through, but mastered; that discipline must be conformed to, not only in some things, but in everything; and—more vital still—not one jot or tittle of the law of honor could be even smirched, much less broken.

The code of honor, it may be admitted, neither sought nor required the stimulus of heavenly reward or any higher or nobler motive than its own maintenance; it was perhaps a mere mechanical substitute for a pure faith; but its prescriptions, demanding truthfulness, integrity, and courage, few and easily comprehended, were enforced impartially and utterly without mercy. For the liar, the thief, the coward, there was no repentance; his offense could not be forgiven, and was condoned only by his quick and usually grossly ignominious departure.

To get the exact point of view of the West Point system it is essential that one should abandon entirely all preconceived notions as to customary methods of dealing with bodies of young people. Schools, colleges, and universities enforce order by authority. In them the informer—the tale-bearer—is despised and ostracized. But at West Point the informer is an essential part of the education; "tattling" is reduced to a science; in effect, instead of the pressure of authority from without, cadet discipline is maintained by a constant and consistent influence from within. For certain purposes and at certain times every cadet is in authority, not only over his mates of the corps, but over himself, bound "on honor" to report another's or his own dereliction. In no place in the world is communism so practical, nor in any place are the rights of private property better respected or safer. Among classmates such things as tobacco (when it was permissible to smoke) or clean linen, collars, cuffs, and especially white "pants," were always common property, but woe to him who presumed upon this sort of anarchism and purloined by stealth, or took what he knew was needed or wanted.

These conditions, which have prevailed so long that the memory of the oldest living graduate "runneth not to the contrary," still stand in all their integrity, perhaps more firmly founded now than when simpler and more primitive customs existed. Among these customs, now happily of the past, was that savage one of "hazing." While I have called this custom "savage," in due fairness I must give my testimony that in my time there was nothing that went beyond a certain hardening experience. So much has been said (probably because the military academies of both West Point and Annapolis have focused in the limelight of publicity) as to the brutality, that I feel impelled to say how far short of anything really brutal were the experiences that I not only patiently suffered, but diligently and conscientiously assisted in inflicting.

The very first attempt by the Federal Government to restrain the pranks of old cadets as exhibited towards the new happened the second year of my own cadet course. Authority at Washington hit upon a certain expedient which it fondly imagined would put a stop to these so-called "outrages." An order was issued to the effect that no cadet should have his full furlough unless he signed a declaration that he had "not harassed or molested" a new arrival. This order, at first striking a chill to the very soul of the chivalry of the corps, proved an entire failure. There were fewer among the upper-classmen who "harassed and molested," and the acts perpetrated partook less than formerly of the quality of public "orgies;" but this was the sole effect. Many of the class kept the full spirit of that order; others (in the endeavor to serve both fun and furlough) were scrupulous to ask a plebe if it would harass or molest him to make up a bed or clean a gun, or go to the tank for a bucket of water. Of course the newcomer, willing to ingratiate himself with his associates, had his prompt reply that nothing would please him better than to do those things. Besides these two, another faction existed, few in numbers, but full of energy and deter-



THE REV. EDWARD S. TRAVERS
The Chaplain at West Point

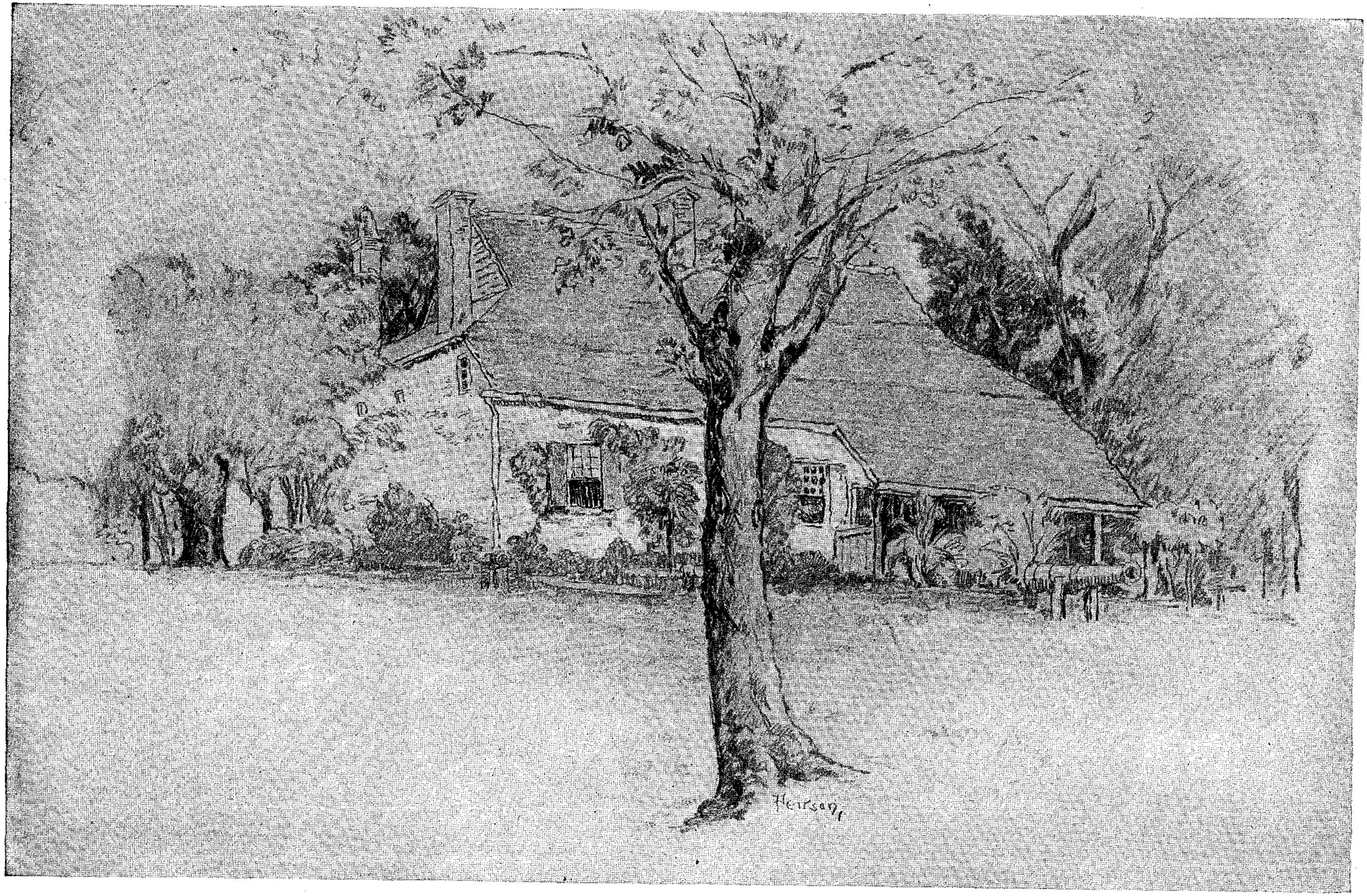
mination, the "black sheep" perhaps of the yearling class, who, from the first, scorned to accept amnesty, "hazed" as of old, and accepted cheerfully the consequences.

As to this matter of maltreatment of new cadets, the outcome is worth telling. It had always been dangerous, but the danger was only an incentive. The War Department sought to make it unprofitable; a certain number of reckless souls were always found in every class to disdain profit. Then came a time when the integrity of the Academy and its credit in the eyes of the Nation were at stake. Fortunately, a big, brave man, General A. L. Mills, was at this time Superintendent. He appealed to the corps; and the corps of cadets itself, rising splendidly to the occasion, volunteered to end the custom, and they did end it, the classes uniting to decree that hazing at West Point should end forever.

At West Point, as elsewhere, the old order has largely changed. In the sixties the fare at the mess-hall and many other essentials were poor and meager; now these are ample and excellent. The barbaric code—inheritance from the Southern cavalier—of dueling, during the earlier years of the nineteenth century conducted with untipped foils, or even by pistols, was in time interpreted "in terms of" fists. Under the shadow of Kosciusko's monument in Fort Clinton (once Fort Arnold) seldom a week passed that two did not face each other to settle some score. There were seconds and a referee, and the affair was settled according to the methods of pugilism, as established by that eminent authority, the Marquis of Queensberry.

With the abolition of hazing many causes of irritation have been done away with, and the progress of civilization, to which even the most ultra conservatism yields, has almost entirely obliterated this last blot upon the 'scutcheon, whose motto is, "Duty, Honor, Country."

The government of West Point cadets, by themselves, for themselves, and of themselves, has so largely justified itself that, if the old order had continued unchanged, few (among graduates at least)



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH

would not be content to leave the matter of personal religion to the individual. As I have seen the sentiment written, "Honor has no religion, unless Honor itself be a religion."

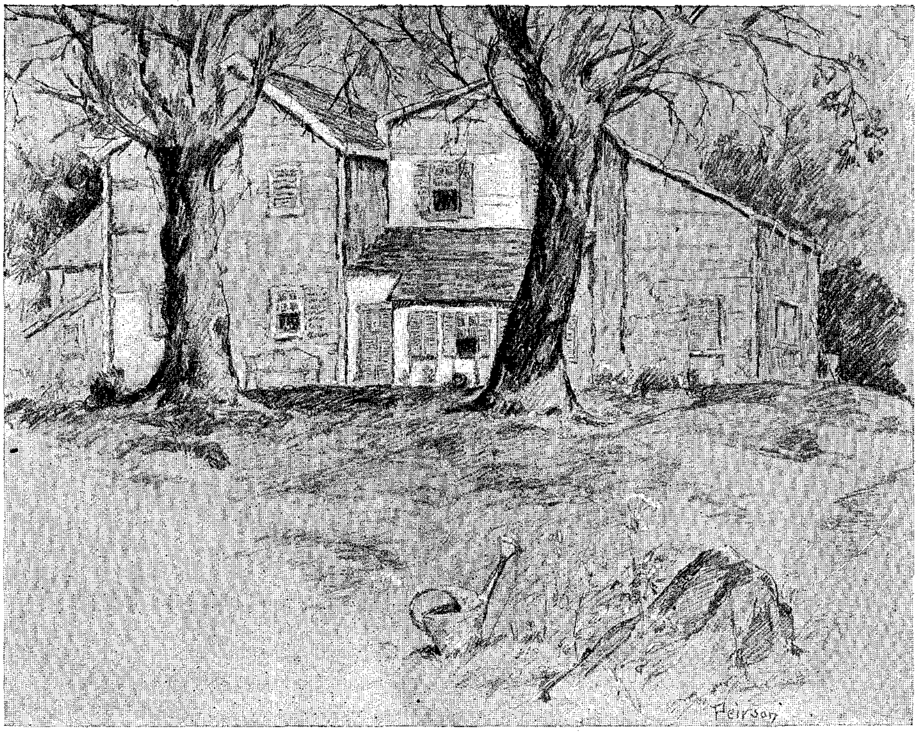
In the year 1870 Miss Susan Warner, whose religious stories, beginning with "The Wide, Wide World," were at one time so popular, began a series of Bible readings for the families of some of the officers on the post. Miss Warner, aided by her sister Miss Anna, came weekly from their secluded home on Constitution Island, holding these meetings at different houses, but chiefly, I believe, at the old Washington's Headquarters, the residence at that time of the Misses Thompson. To these readings a few cadets came. At first a mere "corporal's guard," their numbers gradually increased. After the death of the elder Miss Warner these meetings were continued by her younger sister, are being still held, and are now attended by a large number of cadets.

The next step in religious matters at the Academy was a direct consequence of the Intercollegiate Bible Study movement, initiated and forwarded by the Young Men's Christian Association. This stimulus incited one cadet, Charles T. Leeds, of Massachusetts (now in the Corps of Engineers), to begin, in the fall of 1890, the first Bible class exclusively for members of the corps of cadets. About fifteen men, all of the class of '93, attended. The success of this experiment—a marked departure from prevailing custom—was so great that during the encampment of the summer of 1901 a Bible Study Rally was held, the outcome of which was the formation of two additional classes for the following winter. The average attendance for the year 1901–2 did not exceed thirty; but before the year 1902 closed the movement had acquired so great an impetus that eleven more classes were formed, the average attendance being over ninety. In 1904 two additional classes were formed, and the membership had risen to a hundred and forty.

It was perhaps inevitable that so sudden and large a growth should give rise to many perplexing questions. A cadet's time, it must be remembered, is seldom his own; hours of study, constant roll-calls, recitations, and an unintermittent round of military duties leave him almost entirely without leisure. Naturally, the few and brief intervals of freedom from the grind of tasks, military or educational, find the average cadet in no mood for anything save rest or recreation. Under such difficulties it is more than extraordinary—it is wonderful—that progress was made at all. But it was made slowly during the next two or three years; but by 1907 all the vexing problems of administration had been successfully solved, and the organization for Bible study established upon a sure and safe basis.

At present the average weekly attendance is upwards of a hundred and twenty. The Young Men's Christian Association have now a large and commodious hall of their own, and here are found papers and magazines in abundance. During the summer encampment the Association has at its disposal a special tent with facilities for writing, etc., more convenient than in Kendrick Hall, which is in barracks, at a considerable distance across the plain.

The work for the study of the Scriptures is conducted by the Cadet Young Men's Christian Association. This branch of the Association is solely for cadets, and the management is entirely in the hands of cadets, the chaplain of the post exercising no authority, and yet standing always ready to give encouragement and help when necessity arises. A committee of members of the three upper classes, with a first-classman as chairman, controls the organization. At the beginning of every academic year—in September, when the corps moves out of camp and studies are resumed in barracks—a thorough canvass is made, especially of the fourth class (the so-called "plebes"), with a view to enrollment. The Bible-study classes are divided into groups, classmates being always together, each class being led by one of its own members, except that the fourth-classmen have for leaders some upper-classman. There is also a leaders' class, which meets every Sunday morning at eight o'clock. This was formerly under the guidance of the post chaplain, but is at



THE WARNER HOMESTEAD ON CONSTITUTION ISLAND

present led by a former Young Men's Christian Association president, Lieutenant C. L. Fenton, now detailed as instructor in the academic department. To this officer is due in great measure the increasing success of the work during the last year.

The history of the chaplaincy at West Point shows a rather peculiar paradox—a certain inconsistency (at least it would appear to be inconsistent to an outsider) between the office as a part of the military service, and the religious obligation of one "in holy orders," that specific duty, to be defined each for himself and not for another, but to which the phrase "cure of souls" may apply. From an intimate acquaintance with a number of former chaplains it is no more than just to state how faithfully these men endeavored to achieve an influence among the members of the corps. These four—Sprole (Presbyterian), French (Episcopalian), Forsythe (American Reformed), and Postlethwaite (Reformed Episcopalian)—ministered at West Point for over half a century. They were all Christian gentlemen, in the best sense of the phrase, earnest, devout, desirous of doing their full duty, as they esteemed that duty to be; but their best endeavors failed utterly to produce any change whatever in the attitude of the corps of cadets towards orthodoxy. Public sentiment at the Academy was not that of indifference to religious essentials; it was not prejudice against any form of expression of faith; still less was it "infidelity."

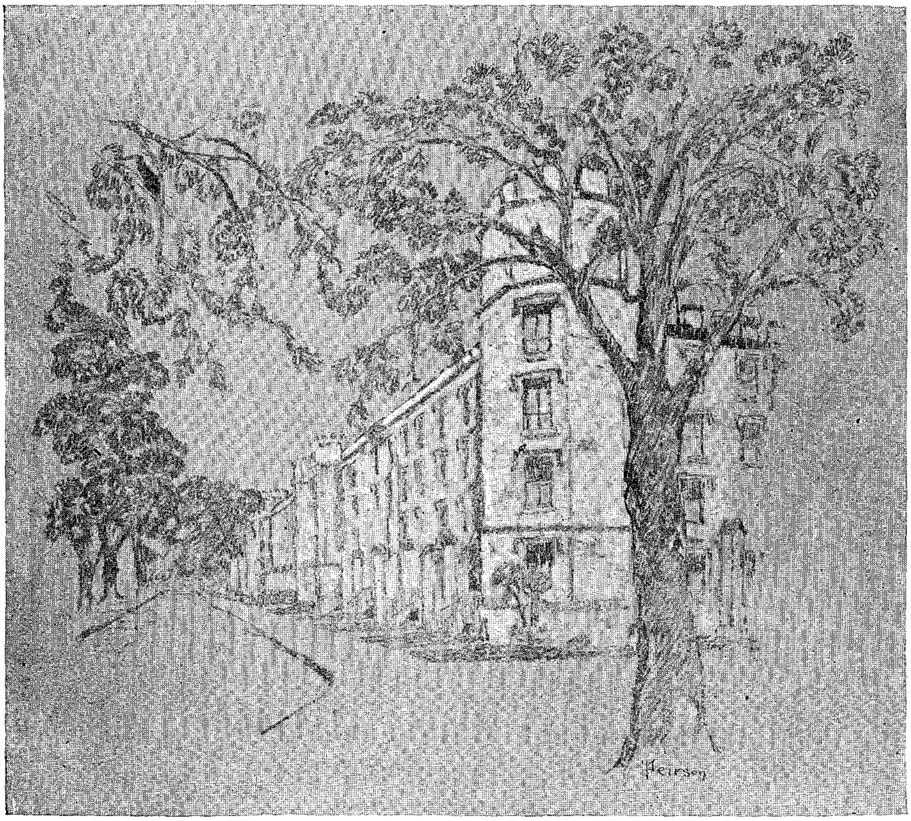
It has been stated that in the sixties a very few held faithfully to their inherited credences. I remember, in '66 and '67, a small congregation of such engaged in occasional, or regular, prayer-meetings, and these fell out of ranks on the first Sunday of the month to partake of the Lord's Supper. For these men there was no condemnation, not even disapprobation; but there was also no sympathy. They were not sneered at, but several, I think most, of them were alluded to in strict privacy, and with a certain good-humored pity, as "Miss."

Favoring circumstances have given to the present chaplain opportunities which many of his predecessors entirely lacked.

Former chaplains (all of those who have been mentioned) have been men well advanced in years. The Rev. Edward S. Travers is a young man, earnest, energetic, sympathetic, uniting the qualities of zealous devotion and exceptional intellectual attainments. He is greatly favored also in that his singleness of purpose is not hampered by other and conflicting duties. In bygone years the chaplains were not only accountable as "divines;" they were charged with the responsibilities of a professorship—that of the department of "Ethics," including law, National, international, and military. From such onerous duty Dr. Travers is wholly free. His time is, however, not less fully occupied. He is not only chaplain of the Academy but also rector (of the Protestant Episcopal Church) of the parish of West Point, having under his supervision not only cadets, but officers and their families, many enlisted men of the garrison, and numerous civilians—upwards of two thousand souls.

The Episcopal Church, so tenacious of privilege for "churchmanship" and the historic priesthood, has always at West Point relaxed the rigid rules of caste. Always—and now more than ever—the chapel pulpit welcomes all qualified by ability and character. The ritual of the Church is recited, as befits the due conduct of service by a parish priest; but the tone and sentiment—the very atmosphere—"expanded by the genius of the spot, has grown colossal."

Perhaps the greatest test of true liberality is that it holds itself so high in charity as to "condescend to men of low estate"—to be liberal even to illiberality. There may be some, men high-minded as they are devout, who may think that in the wide influence of the Christian Association at West Point is found evidence of a certain reversion to conventional standards of religious ob-



THE BARRACKS

servance. That any old-time graduate can so regard it is impossible. The spirit of West Point remains what it has been for almost a full century. The sentiment of uprightness and honor, founded in academic life long ago by the controlling influence of the South—by cadets of Cavalier families—was no more than a revolt from the austerity of men of the Root and Branch. The creed of West Point, unvoiced, but no less commanding, professes (as I have heard it expressed by a graduate) truth for authority, not authority as a substitute for truth. There are no "spheres of influence" in the religious life of West Point, but rather the "open door." In matters of conscience it is as with the discipline of the institution, self-reporting "on honor," self-respecting, the influence within.

The School of the Soldier belongs to the people, and they are entitled to know of the moral progress that the last few decades have brought. The casual visitor to West Point, to whom the destinies of his country are dear, may well take heart that her defenders—the men of to-morrow—are here being cast in such patriotic mold, loyal to the Nation and themselves.

Some Sunday morning, turning from the historic relics of the days of the War of the Revolution, the progress of recent years may be in part realized. One slender shaft rises high upon the plain, upholding a martial figure—the spirit of War. Another—in the planning of the design for the new and greater West Point, soon to be erected near it—will bear aloft an image symbolizing Peace, in Lincoln's admirable language "the better angel of our nature."

Then upon the still air, unvexed by any marring martial discord, the bugle notes of the Church Call are heard. Following the gray battalion to the old chapel—soon to be supplanted by one far more magnificent upon the hillside—may be seen, at the head of the chancel, a grand piece of decorative art, the work of the artist Weir. It symbolizes, as the shafts upon the plain, the same ideal, with this ascription: "Righteousness Exalteth a Nation, but Sin is a Reproach to any People."

BEAUTY'S PATH

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

All ugliness wears on its brow the brand
Of Time and Dissolution; from of old,
Its doubtful journey through a shifting sand,
The life in its ophidian breast is cold.
But beauty's path is one forever bright'ning
In glory, to each far horizon's rim;
Warm in the rose and golden in the lightning,
Love's altar flame, the upward way to Him,—
Beauty, transcending all that bans and bars,
Moves as the light moves on, eternal as the stars!

Too well acquaint with passions that benumb,
Earth is with them no more in kind accord.
'Tis only by ascending one may come
Where waits for her the new, the unexplored.
She longs—ah, how she longs!—to break asunder
Her ancient chains, to lave in morning dew,
To stand a little space 'mid realms of wonder,
To feel her nearness to the good and true.
She longs for beauty—vernal through the years—
To touch the dried-up spring and fount of happy tears!

SELMA LAGERLÖF

HATTO, THE HERMIT[1]

BY SELMA LAGERLÖF

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

SELMA LAGERLÖF, whose story "Hatto, the Hermit," appears this week in the series of stories from other than English sources which The Outlook is giving its readers, is regarded by many students of Swedish literature as the foremost living Swedish writer. She is certainly the most popular Swedish author; and her recent book, "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," has not only been ranked with Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales, but has evoked the same kind of affectionate popular interest. She was born in the province of Värmland, associated in Swedish legends and poetry with Robin Goodfellow, and the home of a great company of trolls and witches; a land of enchanted forests and rivers, and the scene of many of the most fascinating acts in the drama of Scandinavian fairy life. In this quiet country Selma Lagerlöf, a girl of sensitive imagination, found an environment which appealed to her the more keenly and affected her the more deeply because she was incapable of physical activity. For more than twenty years she lived far more in this world of her own creation than in the actual world about her; and the heroines and heroes of legends and sagas claimed her as one of those children who, in successive generations, keep alive the old faiths and the ancient poetry of childhood.

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At twenty-four she stepped into the real world and went to Stockholm to secure special training for the work of teaching. Her first experience in her chosen profession was in a girls' school in a little town in the south of Sweden, where she was not only busy with teaching, but with writing; working in leisure moments on a story the germ of which had long lain like a seed in her imagination. A prize of nearly $1,300, offered by a leading woman's magazine in Stockholm, in 1890, for "the best short story of about one hundred printed pages," was won by a part of "Gösta Berling's Saga," a story on which Miss Lagerlöf had long been engaged. The winning of the prize not only gave her a position in the eyes of the Swedish reading public, but supplied a foundation, buttressed by influential friends, which enabled her to devote herself entirely to writing. The story from which the successful chapter was taken was published a year later, and immediately attained wide popular success. It was translated into almost every European language, an English version appearing in 1898. This story is Swedish to the very roots, and its close conformity with Swedish life and vivid presentation of Swedish ideals carried it home to the hearts of an affectionate and enthusiastic people. Miss Lagerlöf has herself told the story of the writing of this striking book:

"One day the young girl, during the first days of her college life in Stockholm, walked along with her books under her arm, her thoughts bent upon the lecture which she had just attended. . . . The lecture must have been about Bellman or Runeberg, because she thought of them and of the characters in their works. She remarked to herself that Runeberg's martial heroes and Bellman's companions offered splendid opportunities for literary treatment. Then suddenly it occurred to her: 'The world of Värmland in which you have lived is no less original than that of Fredman or Fänrik Stål. If you can only give form to it, your material offers as splendid opportunities as that of Runeberg or Bellman.' And so it happened that the Saga first flashed upon her. When the vision came to her, the ground seemed to sway beneath her feet. The whole long Malmskilnadsstreet from the Hamnstreet to the fire-house seemed to rise high into the air and to sink again. She stood still until the house had resumed its wonted appearance. She gazed with astonishment at the passers-by, who walked calmly along, quite oblivious to the miracle."

The chapter which won the prize was planned on a sleigh-ride during a visit at home in the holidays, and it was not until five years later that the second chapter was written. Miss Lagerlöf began by writing her story in verse; she then made a play of it, and finally put it into its present form. In certain respects it is a unique piece of fiction; each chapter is a complete narrative in itself, the story interest being sustained by the reappearance of the characters in the successive chapters and the weaving together of their fortunes in successive episodes. The tale, which is both imaginative and realistic, is laid in the early years of the last century, and the scene is the country in which Miss Lagerlöf spent her childhood. "Gösta Berling, Saga" appeared in 1891; her latest story, "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," in 1906. Between these appeared "The Money of Mr. Arne," a realistic tale; "The Miracles of Antichrist," which is described as an interesting picture of the life and customs of the Sicilians, bringing out very strikingly their capacity for exalted religious fervor, their buoyancy of temperament, their intensity of emotion, their directness and simplicity. Miss Lagerlöf still retains her love of the legend; "Tales" is a collection of graphic stories of Catholic superstition suggested during a visit in Italy, while the subjects of the "Christ Legends" are indicated by the title.

"Jerusalem," a romance of the Dalecarlians, one of the leading groups of the Swedes, notable for their strong sense of justice and their capacity for religious fanaticism, is generally regarded as her masterpiece. A group of these fanatics part with their property by gift or sale and move to the Holy Land in order to carry out their purpose of living in poverty and for the glory of God. For the preparation of this work Miss Lagerlöf not only traveled through the Holy Land, but studied the life of Jerusalem, and sketched the background of her novel as vividly and artistically as she drew the characters of her countrymen who appear in it.

"The Wonderful Adventures of Nils" is probably one of the most interesting results of an attempt to write a text-book in the history of educational literature. Miss Lagerlöf was asked to prepare a new reader to be used in the public schools. She at once set to work to make herself thoroughly familiar with the habits and customs of the people in the Swedish provinces, and with their animals and plants, approaching all these subjects with the eager curiosity of a child. When the book appeared, two years ago, it not only proved to be the most popular publication of the year, but there was a general agreement among the critics that it belongs in the front rank of books of its class. One critic said of it: "This book was not patched together by a dilettante or by a committee. It was written by a highly gifted, warm-hearted seer, to whom the nature of children is not a murky pool in which to fish at random, but a clear, reflecting mirror."

Miss Lagerlöf has not only had the reward of popularity, but has received a distinction never before conferred upon a woman in Sweden, an honorary degree from the University of Upsala; and there seems to be a feeling that, when the time is ripe, she will be awarded a Nobel prize. She is described by a personal friend, to whom the writer of this article is greatly indebted, as a woman of very simple appearance and dress, with a meditative look upon her face, and with a rich, musical voice. She is also a warm-hearted woman. Not long after the publication of "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," an orphan boy who bore the name of the hero wrote to the author and told her of the desolate little world in which he lived, whereupon the novelist sought him out and adopted him. H. W. M.

HATTO, the hermit, stood in the desert and prayed to God. The storm was on, and his long hair and beard blew about him as wind-whipped grass blows about an old ruin. But he did not brush back the hair from his eyes, nor did he fasten his long beard to his girdle, for his arms were raised in prayer. Since sunrise he had held his gaunt, hairy arms outstretched toward heaven, as untiring as a tree stretching out its boughs, and thus he would remain until evening. It was a great thing for which he was praying.

He was a man who had suffered much from the wickedness and dishonesty of the world. He himself had persecuted and tortured others, and persecution and torture had been his portion, more than he could endure. Therefore he had gone forth into the wilderness, had digged himself a cave on the river-bank, and had become a holy man whose prayers found hearing at the throne of God.

Hatto, the hermit, stood on the river-bank before his cave and prayed the great prayer of his life. He prayed God to send down the Day of Judgment upon this wicked world. He cried to the angels of the trumpets, who are to herald the end of the reign of sin. He prayed for the waves of the sea of blood, in which all injustice should be overwhelmed. He prayed for a pestilence that should fill the churchyard with rotting heaps of corpses.

Round about him was the wilderness, barren and desolate. But a little further up the bank stood an old willow with shortened trunk, which swelled out at the top to a round hump, like a queer head, and from it new, freshly green twigs were sprouting. Every autumn the peasants from the unwooded flatlands robbed the willow of her fresh new shoots. But every year the tree put forth new ones, and on stormy days the slender, flexible twigs whipped about the old willow as hair and beard whipped about Hatto, the hermit.

It was just on this day that a pair of water-thrushes, who usually built their nest on the trunk of the old willow between the new twigs, had decided to begin their work. But the wild whipping of the twigs disturbed the birds. They flew up with their bits of dry grass and root fibers, and had to turn away with nothing accomplished. Then it was that they caught sight of old Hatto.

No one now living can picture to himself how moss-grown and dried up, how gnarled and black and generally unlike a human being, such an old desert hermit can become. His skin clung so close to forehead and cheek-bones that his head looked like a skull, and only a tiny gleam down in the depths of his eyeballs showed that there was still life in him. The dried-up muscles gave no curve to the body; the outstretched naked arm was merely a couple of narrow bones, covered with hard, wrinkled, bark-like skin. He wore an old black cloak, clinging close to his body. He was tanned brown by the sun and black with dirt. His hair and beard alone were of a lighter shade, for rain and sunshine had faded them to the gray-green hue of the under side of willow leaves.

The birds, flying about uneasily and seeking a place for their nest, took Hatto, the hermit, to be another old willow, cut off by ax and saw in its heavenward striving. They flew about him many times, flew away and returned again, took note of the guide-posts on the way to him, calculated his position in regard to protection from storm and birds of prey, found it rather unfavorable, but decided to locate there on account of the close vicinity of the stream and the reeds, their chief source of supply. One of the birds shot down suddenly and laid a bit of grass in the hermit's outstretched hand.

The storm had abated a little, so that the straw was not blown from his hand at once, but the hermit did not pause in his prayer. "Come soon, O Lord, come to destroy this world of sin, that mankind may not still more increase its load of guilt. Release those still unborn from the burden of life! For the living there is no salvation."

The storm roared out again, and the bit of grass fluttered out of the hermit's great bony hand. But the birds came again and endeavored to erect the corner-stone of their new home between his fingers. Suddenly a dirty, clumsy thumb laid itself over the grass spears and held them in firm position, while four fingers arched over the palm, making a peaceful niche where a nest would be safe. The hermit continued his untiring supplications, and before his eyes danced fever visions of the Day of Judgment. The earth trembled, the skies shot fire. He saw black clouds of hurrying birds beneath the glowing firmament; herds of fleeing animals spread over the earth. But while his soul was filled with these visions of fever, his eyes began to watch the flight of the tiny birds that came and went with lightning dashes, laying new straws in the nest with little chirps of pleasure.

The old man did not move. He had

made a vow to stand the entire day with outstretched arms, in order to force God to hear him. As his body grew weaker the visions in his brain took on more vivid form and color. He heard the walls of the cities falling and the crash of tumbling houses. Crowds of people fled in screaming terror before him, and behind them came the Angels of Vengeance and of Destruction, tall figures in silver harness with stern, beautiful faces, riding on night-black horses and swinging scourges of braided white lightning.

The little thrushes built and built busily all the day, and their work progressed finely. There was no lack of material in this wilderness of rolling ground with stiff grass and brush, and on the river-bank, with its reeds and rushes. They could not take time for dinner or supper. They flew back and forth, glowing with interest and pleasure, and when dusk came they had reached the peak of their roof.

But before evening fell the hermit's eyes had come to rest on their labor more and more. He watched them in their flight; he scolded them when they were clumsy; he grieved when the wind spoiled their efforts, and he became almost angry when they stopped a moment to rest.

Then the sun sank and the birds sought their accustomed resting-place among the reeds, safe from all harm, for no enemy could approach without a warning splash of the water or a quivering of the reeds.

When morning broke the thrushes thought at first that the events of the preceding day had been but a beautiful dream.

They found their guide-posts and flew straight to their nest; but the nest had disappeared. They peered out over the moors and flew high up to gain a wider view. But there was no sign of nest or tree. Finally they sat down on a stone by the water and thought the matter over. They wagged their tails and turned their heads to right and left. Where were nest and tree?

But scarcely had the sun raised itself a hand's breadth over the belt of woods beyond the stream when their tree suddenly came wandering up and stood itself upon the selfsame place it had occupied the day before. It was as black and as gnarled as before, and it carried their nest on the tip of something that was probably a thin, upright bough.

The birds began to build again without attempting to ponder further over the many miracles of nature.

Hatto, the hermit, who chased the little children from his cave and told them that it were better for them if they had never seen the light of day; he who waded out deep into the mud of the river to hurl curses after the flagged boats filled with gay young people rowing past; he from whose evil glance the shepherds carefully guarded their flocks, he did not return to his place on the river-bank because of thought for the little birds. But he knew that not only every letter in the Holy Book has its own mystical meaning, but that everything that God allows to happen in the natural world has its significance also. And he had discovered what it might mean, this sign of the birds building in his hand: God had willed that he should stand with outstretched arm until the birds had raised their young—could he do this, then would his prayer be heard.

But on this day the visions of the Last Judgment came to him less and less. Instead his glance followed the motions of the birds with greater attention. He saw the rapid completion of the nest. The tiny builders flew around it and examined it carefully. They brought a few rags of moss from the real willow and plastered them on the outside as a finishing decoration. They brought the softest young grass, and the female bird pulled the down from her breast to furnish the inside.

The peasants of the neighborhood, who feared the evil power which the prayers of the hermit might have with God, were used to bring him bread and milk to soften his anger. They came now and found him standing motionless, the bird's nest in his hand.

"See how the holy man loves the little creatures," they said, and feared him no longer. They raised the milk can to his lips and fed him with the bread. When he had eaten and drunk he drove them away with curses, but they smiled at his anger.

His body had long since become the servant of his will. He had taught it obedience by hunger and scourge, by days of kneeling and sleepless nights. Now his muscles of steel held his arms outstretched days and weeks, and while the mother bird sat on her eggs and did not leave the nest, he would not go to his cave even to sleep at night. He learned how to sleep standing with outstretched arms.

He grew accustomed to the two uneasy little eyes that peered down at him over the edge of the nest. He watched for rain and hail and protected the nest as well as he could.

One day the little mother left her place. Both thrushes sat on the edge of the nest, their tails moving rapidly, holding great consultation and looking very happy, although the whole nest seemed filled with a frightened squeaking. After a little they set out upon an energetic gnat-hunt.

One gnat after another fell before them, and was brought home to that which squeaked and peeped up there in his hand. And the peeping grew more intense whenever the food was brought in. It disturbed the holy man at his prayers. Gently, very gently, his arm sank down on joints that had almost lost the power of motion, until his deep-set, glowing eyes peered into the nest.

Never had he seen anything so ugly and so miserable—naked little bodies, with a few scattered down-tufts, no eyes, no strength to fly, nothing but six great open beaks.

He could not understand it himself, but he liked them just as they were. He had not thought to make an exception of the old birds in his prayers for the great Doom, but when he now implored God to release the world through utter destruction, he made a silent exception in favor of these six little helpless creatures.

When the peasant women brought him food he no longer rewarded them with curses. As he was necessary for the little ones up there in his hand, he was glad that the people did not let him starve.

Soon six little round heads peered all day over the edge of the nest. Old Hatto's arm sank to the level of his eyes more and more frequently. He saw the feathers grow out of the red skin; he saw the eyes open and the little bodies round out. The fortunate inheritors of all the beauty with which nature endows the feathered denizens of the air came early into their heritage.

And meanwhile the prayers for the great destruction came more and more slowly from Hatto's lips. He believed he had God's promise that it should come as soon as the little birds were able to fly. And now he stood there seeking an escape from God. For he could not sacrifice these six little ones, whom he had watched and cared for.

It had been different before, when he had had nothing of his own to care for. Love of the small and the helpless—that love which every little child must teach to the dangerous grown man—this love came over him and made him hesitate.

Sometimes he wished that he could throw the entire nest into the stream, for he still believed that those alone are to be envied who die without having known care or sin. Was it not his duty to save these little ones from beasts of prey, from cold and hunger and all the many ills of life? But just as he was pondering on this, a hawk swooped down on the nest to kill the little ones. Hatto caught the robber in his left hand, whirled him around his head, and threw him far out into the stream.

Then came the day when the little ones were ready to fly. One of the old birds sat inside the nest, trying to push the young ones out on to the edge, while the other flew about and showed them how easy it was if they would only try. But as the young ones would not overcome their fear, both old birds flew out before them, showing off all their prettiest arts and tricks. They turned and twisted in the air, they shot up straight as does the lark, or they hung motionless on rapidly fluttering wings.

But the little ones would not move,

and then Hatto decided to interfere in the matter himself. He gave them a careful push with one finger, and thus ended the dispute. They tumble out, trembling and uncertain, hitting at the air as bats do; they sink down, but rise up again; they find the proper motion and use it at once to regain the nest. The old birds come back to them in happy pride, and Hatto chuckles.

It was he who had brought the matter to such a happy conclusion. And now he pondered most seriously the question as to whether a loophole of escape could be found for God.

Perhaps, when one comes to think of it, perhaps God holds this earth like a bird's nest in his right hand, and perhaps he loves those within it—all the helpless children of earth. Perhaps he is merciful to them whom he had vowed to destroy, just as the hermit was merciful to the little birds.

Of course the hermit's birds were much better than God's human beings, but he could still understand that God might have pity for them in his heart.

Next day the nest was empty, and the bitterness of loneliness came over the hermit. His arm sank slowly down at his side, and it seemed to him that all nature held its breath to hear the roar of the trumpets announcing the Last Judgment. But in the same moment all the birds returned and settled down on his head and shoulders, for they had no fear of him. And a light shot through the tortured brain of the old hermit. He had lowered his arm every day to look at the birds!

And then, as he stood there, the six young birds flying about him, he nodded, smiling, to some one whom he could not see.

"Thou art free," he said, "Thou art free I did not keep my vow, therefore Thou needst not keep Thine."

And it seemed to him that the hills ceased from trembling and that the river sank quietly into its bed to rest.

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

EXILED

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?—Matthew xxvii. 46.

THERE are many persons to whom separation from God brings no dismay. They are not necessarily wicked persons, who wish there was no God; nor atheists, who believe there is no God; nor agnostics, who have a settled conviction that nothing can be known about God; nor civilized pagans, who think that God is only to be dreaded, and who wish to escape from him. Besides these, and probably more than all these combined, are men and women whose lives are so full of human companionships that they have no room for divine companionship, and so full of the service of their fellow-men that they have no time to think of the service of God. I do not even call them Godless. As a soldier on the battlefield who never sees his commander-in-chief, and even sometimes wonders if there is any, obeys the orders of the commander-in-chief as they are sifted down to him through various subordinate officials, so are such men and women in life: obedient to their consciences, doers of righteousness, ministers and servants of love, who never look beyond the voices of their own consciences and the consciences of their fellow-men. To such persons this sermon on Exile from God will be meaningless.

But there are others to whom God is more than a commander-in-chief, and infinitely more than a necessary hypothesis to account for the phenomena of creation and of history. To them God is the great Companion, "never so far as even to be near." To them exile from God is the greatest of disasters. And this experience of exile comes to them embittered by the feeling that it is some-how a penalty for sin, though they know not what the sin is; that it is certainly the consequence of their own fault, though they know not how that fault can be cured. Yesterday they were almost able to say with Christ, "I know that thou hearest me always." Now they cry out with him, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Yesterday the atmosphere was clear and the vision of the Eternal convincing; to-day they are in an impenetrable fog, and they can neither see the divine presence nor hear the divine voice.

Doubtless this experience is sometimes due to sin. Sometimes one must say, as Isaiah said, "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear." But it is not always so. Other causes than sin produce this feeling of exile.

We are strangely dependent on human sympathy. Separated from those to whom God is a companion, we are liable to lose his companionship; exiled from the place where we have been accustomed to find him, we experience exile from him. So the unknown Israelite, driven out from Jerusalem, from the Temple, from the customary symbols of worship, and dwelling a captive in an unknown land, far from the ordinary associations of worship and the ordinary fellowship with worshipers, cried out: "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?"

Sometimes one comes into an experience which shatters the creed of his youth. He can no longer believe what he once believed. The philosophy which seemed to him once unquestionable has become to him incredible. Intellectual anarchy ensues; the foundations of his faith seem to be broken up; and with the loss of his theology and the disrupture of his creed there comes a failure of his faith and a loss of his God. Something like this was the experience of Job, who had believed that God is a righteous God and would certainly reward righteousness with happiness. "Be virtuous and you will be happy" is a short and simple creed. It was Job's creed. Suddenly, and by an irresistible series of calamities, this creed was shattered. He had been virtuous and he was not happy. In vain his friends endeavored to re-establish this creed and to compel him to confess that the tragedy of his life was a just punishment for sins concealed. His creed was gone; beyond recovery by him or for him, and not to be replaced by any false pretense. With the loss of his creed came also the loss of the consciousness of the presence of God. "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him."

Sometimes a darker cloud intervenes between the soul and God. The soul is overwhelmed with the sense of the tragedy of life; with the sense of the sinfulness of humanity, its greed, its hypocrisy, its selfishness, its vanity, its cruelty. And these sins of humanity the soul takes upon itself because it also is human. The man is no slave-owner, but he feels the shame of American slavery; he is no Lord Hategood, but he feels the shame of Vanity Fair; he is no oppressor of the poor, but the cry of the children sounds in his ears as a cry against his own wrong-doing. He identifies himself with a people who are living as children of the Evil One, not as children of God. He vicariously bears their sins in his own wounded heart; counts himself as one with them and therefore no longer one with a pure and righteous God. And he cries out, in the spirit of his Master, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" Well for him if in such an experience he can also say, in the spirit of the Master, "*My* God! *My* God!"

What, in such times, shall the exiled soul do? How shall we in such experiences recover our fellowship with the great Companion? Not by yielding to the temptation to substitute a fictitious for a real faith—a make-believe belief for a sincere belief. Job will not find his way back to God by yielding to the arguments of his friends and confessing sins which he has never committed.

We may recognize the fact that our intellect is not at its best in these clouded hours, and we may hark back to the conclusions which we have reached in our saner moments. So the ship steers through the fog by the reckoning which has been taken in the sunshine. "I have noticed," says Professor Tyndall, "during years of self-observation, that it is not in hours of clearness and vigor that this doctrine [of material atheism] commends itself to my mind; for in the presence of stronger and healthier thought it ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution to the mystery in which we dwell, and of which we form a part."

We may recall not only the judgments which we have formed in our hours of normal thinking; we may also recall the experiences which we have enjoyed in the hours of our normal living. So did the author of the seventy-seventh Psalm: "Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? And I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High. I will remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember thy wonders of old. I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk of thy doings."

As beneath the frozen earth the seed might look forward to the coming of the spring, as in the sleepless hours of the night the wearied invalid looks forward to the coming of the dawn, as the exile in a foreign country looks forward to and lives in the experiences of his anticipated home-coming; so the soul in its hours of separation from God may look forward to its return, and may dwell by a kind of anticipation at the Father's side, as did the Psalmist when exiled from Jerusalem. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

Finally, one may remember that the true test of character is not conscious companionship with God, but resolute and persistent obedience to God. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." To forget self; to forget one's experience whether of joy or of sorrow; to be careless whether one is happy or unhappy; to think only of service, of duty, of love; to give one's whole thought, to devote one's whole life, to consecrate one's whole energy, to ministering to others—not considering whether we shall be ministered to ourselves, and willing to give our life, even our highest and deepest life, as a willing sacrifice, if this be needful for our highest service—this is the best way out of the experience of exile into the experience of renewed companionship. It is well interpreted by the ancient legend of the monk who, praying in his cell, was vouchsafed the vision of his Crucified Lord, and, while casting his eyes in adoration upon it, heard the convent bell which called him to distribute charity to the beggars who thronged at noon to the convent door for food; he left his devotion to fulfill his allotted task, returned, expecting to find his cell empty, but found the vision of the morning there, and was greeted with, "If you had remained, I must have gone; because you went, I remain."

Comment on Current Books

Novels and Tales

Decidedly the two most important novels of the summer season have been Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Half-Way House"[1] and Mr. Robert Herrick's "Together;"[2] the first a delightful romance, the second a conscientious study. Whatever else may be said of Mr. Hewlett's latest book, all will agree that it is thoroughly enjoyable. It is all the better, perhaps, for those with whom enjoyment is the first object, that the author's writing is less super-subtle and "mannered" than in some of his work. This is direct, human, and altogether charming in its airiness. One is rather amused than otherwise at the comments of those critics who laboriously discuss the moral and social problems supposed to be involved. This book, at least, is a *story*, and not an ethical treatise in disguise. We love the girl of the tale, not because she is forceful, or consistent, or of high moral purpose, for she is none of these things, but just because she is lovable. So, too, with John Germain. One puts little stress on his revolt from society, nor thinks his logic strong; but could anything be more attractive than the gypsy-like wanderings of this well-bred young fellow, his life in an old van, his incursions on the turnip-fields of the nobility, and, above all, his beautiful scheme of making wondrous wild gardens of flowers on English crags and mountain slopes? These two chief characters are eminently real and likable, and although Mr. Hewlett at the end neglects to inform us of the date and place of their marriage, the anxious moralist is not debarred from assuming, if he wishes, that wedding bells did ring sometime, somewhere. The art of the book is fine and delicate, but it is also simple and true; and the spirit is that of pure romance applied to the conditions of modern English life.

Mr. Herrick's "Together," on the other hand, is somewhat overloaded with purpose. Intellectually it is a strong book, and the author sees deeply into many dangerous currents of American society. Marriage is the subject—the publishers describe the work as "a novel of married lives as lived in America," and as a demonstration of the truth that the romance and the tragedy of life really begin where the old-fashioned stories left off at the altar. The nervous strain of society, the rivalry of the rich, the straining efforts of the poor to keep up with the wealthy, the business absorption of the husband, his lack of civic conscience, the multiplicity of amusements and occupations that press on the wife, the danger, in all this chaos of rushing ambitions and excitements, that husband and wife should be alienated—these, and other conflicting causes and their results, are traced out in the married lives of half a dozen couples. Except in one instance, sorrow, trouble, discord, and moral decline are terribly in evidence—some one has said that this is a case of selected bad examples. The total impression is disheartening, and the lesson seems to be that not so much by individual action as by a combined moral effort of the community can a right social basis be reached. In one case (that of Margaret Pole), where the wife throws off the marriage bond and defends to herself the acceptance of a lover, her action will seem to most readers indefensible and out of character. The method of "Together's" construction is unusual, and involves the drawback that the reader has before him, not one strong situation, but several different situations to which his attention is directed in turns. A little humor and a lighter touch also would have made the novel more readable. With all its defects, however, the novel is serious, earnest, and thoughtful. It cannot fail to arouse discussion.

Another story of the season which has received high praise is Edward C. Booth's "The Post-Girl;"[1] and certainly as the work of a newcomer in the field of fiction it is surprisingly fresh and fine. It has an original subject, characters which interest, a strong underlying current of humor, and a spirit of sympathy with all that is generous and kind. As to the manner of writing, to our taste the author lingers too long over the talk of his characters, and sometimes the flow of good spirits runs rather thin and we wish he would drive on a little quicker. Discursiveness in due measure is capital, as Mr. De Morgan has shown, but discursiveness in dialect sometimes gets a bit tedious. The "post-girl," Pam, a waif from the sea who in the end turns out to be of aristocratic lineage, is a sweet and natural creature, happily not perfect, and shines with distinction in a rather stupid Yorkshire village.

"Anne of Green Gables"[2] is one of the best books for girls we have seen for a long time. It is cheerful, amusing, and happy. Anne is a sort of Canadian "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" in her imaginativeness, love of high-flown language, and propensity to get into scrapes. But the book is by no means an imitation; it has plenty of originality and character. Moreover, it will please grown-up people quite or nearly as well as the school-girls for whom it is primarily designed. It ought to have a wide reading.

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[1] Half-Way House: A Comedy of Degrees. By Maurice Hewlett. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

[2] Together. By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

[1] The Post-Girl. By Edward C. Booth. The Century Company, New York. $1.50

[2] Anne of Green Gables. By L. M. Montgomery. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $1.50.

A capital French detective story solves "The Mystery of the Yellow Room"[1] in a surprising way. Here is a room with all its windows barred on the inside, no chimney, no openings of any kind but one door, which is locked on the inside by a young woman, whose father is in the next room and close to the outside of the door, a servant with him. Suddenly from the inside of this yellow room come shrieks and shots. When the door is broken down the daughter is found wounded on the floor, the furniture thrown about, and absolutely no one else is there. The girl could not and did not make all the wounds on her. Query, who did? The plot is elaborately worked out, and few can guess the answer before the author chooses.

A lively story of life in Chicago boarding-house and in Irish castle, of machine politics and honest politics, of fraud and integrity, is told in "The Land of the Living."[2] There is a capital character in the ward politician, Callahan, and the book, as a whole, while neither deep nor large, has movement and variety, so that it is readable in more than an ordinary degree.

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is never more successful than in the interpretation of the forest and of its life. His "Heart of the Ancient Wood," "Forge in the Forest," "Kindred of the Wild," and other volumes, abundantly attest this. His latest volume[3] will accentuate his well-deserved reputation. It is a book of animal stories. The illustrations by Mr. Bull and the decorations by Mr. Vining Smith are not only in general harmony but in very subtle sympathy with the text. From the nature standpoint the book should interest young and old alike. In addition, the volume is distinctly noteworthy as an example of style, for Mr. Roberts tells his tales with what one might call a robust refinement.

"R. J.'s Mother and Some Other People"[4] is written, for the most part, with Mrs. Deland's accustomed skill and sympathetic insight. The stories, of which there are half a dozen, are not of equal value. That which gives its name to the collection is the best.

The Washington Cathedral

This well-printed, well-illustrated volume[1] was set up in type and was within two days of going to the press, when Bishop Satterlee died. Publication was delayed, therefore, and a memoir of the beloved prelate added. It appropriately takes first place in the memorial book of the Bishop's work leading up to the laying of the foundation-stone of the Washington Cathedral. Henry Yates Satterlee, first Bishop of Washington, discovered and secured the commanding site for the Cathedral, Mount St. Alban, at the end of Massachusetts Avenue, high above the Potomac. On it he placed the great Peace Cross, unveiled ten years ago in a memorable service. He presented the idea and need of a great free church at the National Capital before many audiences, not only in Washington, but from Boston to San Francisco. He was, of course, at the head of the Cathedral Chapter. His four canons were the Rev. Drs. McKim, Harding, DeVries, and Bratenahl. As Canon DeVries, the compiler of the present touching and dignified memorial of the Bishop, says in it: "He pleaded the benefits of a center for the devotional, charitable, educational, and missionary activities of the Diocese, and showed the blessings which such an institution at the Capital could be made to bestow on both the Church and Commonwealth of this Nation." Schools gathered about the Cathedral Close. St. Alban's Church already existed, its rector being the Rev. G. C. Bratenahl, D.D., now a Canon of the Cathedral, who was put in charge of the Close and of the new buildings erected there—the Schools, the Little Sanctuary, the Baptistery, and the monuments brought from afar, notably the Jerusalem altar, the Glastonbury cathedra or bishop's chair, the Canterbury ambon or pulpit, and the Jordan font. Meanwhile the Bishop and Canon Bratenahl were creating another work on Mount St. Alban—an "open-air cathedral," the first in Church history, so Dr. De Vries tells us; namely, Sunday afternoon open-air services, which drew to the Close crowds of men and women, especially those not in the habit of attending worship. But the largest crowd—perhaps twenty-five thousand persons—came when the Cathedral corner-stone was laid, and of the services and ceremonials of that day this beautiful book forms the fit record. It reflects immense credit on its compiler, who was also the editor and compiler of that great day's liturgy. His achievements in this respect should and doubtless will stand for ages to come as an example to be followed on similar occasions. His book will be of value to many, however, not only as the memorial of a beloved Bishop, not only as the memorial of a great day for the American Church; it has not only a religious but also an æsthetic value and patriotic value. Its impressive illustration and its text alike show that Dr. Satterlee's ideal is now about to be realized in the erection of a cathedral typical of the best period of Gothic architecture, yet thoroughly individual and original, no mere imitation of an existing building. If any architect could achieve such a result, Henry Vaughan's name might rise soonest to one's lips, and it is a satisfaction to feel that he was chosen by the Bishop and Chapter. The Washington Cathedral will, we believe, be one of the chief architectural triumphs in America. It is, therefore, a satisfaction to Americans of whatever religious name to feel that Bishop Satterlee's ideal is to be realized—a fit architectural embodiment on a fitting site, to shelter and inspire audiences like those which now gather on Mount St. Alban—in his words, "A House of Prayer for All Men."

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[1] The Mystery of the Yellow Room. By Gaston Leroux. Brentano's, New York. $1.50.

[2] The Land of the Living. By Maude Radford Warren. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

[3] The House in the Water: A Book of Animal Stories. By Charles G. D. Roberts. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

[4] R. J.'s Mother and Some Other People. By Margaret Deland. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

[1] The Foundation Stone Book: Washington Cathedral. By W. L. De Vries, Ph.D. Published by order of the Bishop and Chapter of Washington.

A Remarkable Wedding Journey

It seems fairly incredible that a man should ask his bride to take an overland wedding journey from Peking, the Chinese capital, through Tibet to Sikkim, that State of India situated in the Himalayas, just over the southern Tibetan border. Yet this is what Count de Lesdain did. And, what is more, the journey seems to have been a decided success. The present volume[1] not only describes the ventures and adventures of the Count and Countess, but also adds a new chapter to geographical information. The well-printed and well-illustrated volume will be a valuable and unique addition to any traveler's library.

Letters to The Outlook

THINGS THAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT

The editorial in The Outlook, in which you spoke of Mr. Bryan's error in referring to the Cabinet as a kind of directory recognized by law, was interesting to me as the correction of a widely prevalent but false notion of the place that the Cabinet really occupies in our Federal Government.

In a recent communication to a New York paper I took occasion to point out the same fallacy in language quite like that of your editorial. I was moved to state what seems a very elementary proposition by the fact that in several newspapers of high standing I had noticed the same statement. And that suggested a thought.

Does our present-day study of government, in schools and colleges, not lay too much emphasis on the bones rather than the flesh and blood of our political institutions? Children are instructed in the Constitution by telling them that the President is elected for four years, that the State Legislatures elect Senators, that the Vice-President is President of the Senate, and so on, and yet oftentimes not a word is said as to the living organism which, after all, is the real creature, rather than the mere framework of constitutions and statutes. The result is that high school graduates—indeed, often college graduates—have the most limited ideas as to the practical workings of government. "The real character of a governmental system," says Professor Goodnow in his "Principles of the Administrative Law of the United States," "is determined not only by the laws in accordance with which it is supposed to act, but also by extra-legal conditions and practices." And it is the neglect to lay stress on these extra-legal practices that results in such surprising misconceptions as this utterance of a Presidential candidate. What, for example, are some of these "extra-legal conditions and practices" that Professor Goodnow has in mind? These occur to me at random—the difference between theory and practice in the mode of choosing a President; the power of the Speaker, and how he has acquired it; the absence of any legal provision against a third term; the fact that almost all legislation is framed and determined upon in the committees of Congress, and that its passage by a House is generally perfunctory; the practical reversal of the constitutional provision as to appointments by the President and confirmation by the Senate, in that in most cases the Senator does the selecting (if his own State is concerned) and the President ratifies the selection. Take this last-mentioned fact. We had a good illustration of it last session of Congress, when the Senate refused to confirm the appointment of Mr. Purdy to a Minnesota Federal judgeship, because the selection was not that of the Minnesota Senators but of the President himself. Are these not the things that the student must know, in order to judge intelligently of the strength and weakness of our form of government? It is not the perfection or logical symmetry of a constitution or code of laws that determines its success, but its practical workings in times of peace, war, prosperity, calamity—in short, how well it adapts itself to the popular will under any circumstances. Mere memorizing of the Constitution will not develop the student's judgment. Altogether to neglect the practice for the theory begets an erroneous notion that every power exercised and every status existing or created is founded in the written law, a mistake very easily made where the fundamental law is written. GRANVILLE MUNSON.

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[1] From Peking to Sikkim. By Count de Lesdain. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4, net.

Washington, D. C.

HONESTY AND COURTSHIP IN MEXICO

In The Outlook of July 4 the Spectator gives a very entertaining account of some things he saw in Mexico; and, from three years of residence and travel in that country, I can appreciate it as not being exaggerated. Yet there is another side to the subject, and this other side is suggested by a remark of Maria's mistress: "Maria's wages are very low." At one time I stopped at a hotel, in a city of some seventy-five thousand inhabitants, kept by a young Mexican who had been educated at the University of Chicago, and had imbibed the American spirit, as taught there, of fair dealing. He said to me in substance: "We Mexicans do not treat our people right. We pay them starvation wages, and drive them to stealing and deceit. Here in my hotel I pay my help double what is customary for the same kind of labor here in the city, and have no trouble from complaints of pilfering by them, but find them faithful." From a stay of several weeks in his house I knew this to be true, for I left my room unlocked, with toilet articles, fruit, and confection on the dresser and tables, and never so much as a bit of confection was missing. Nor was this an exceptional experience, for in all places it was my practice to leave my door unlocked, and sometimes open, as being the only means of ventilation. And I have been on frequent trips out in the mountains unarmed—an unusual practice for foreigners traveling in the country—having my money in my saddle pockets (not much, but enough for the expenses of the trip) and in silver and copper coins, making it inconvenient to carry on my person by reason of the weight, for the scattered mountain people are not acquainted with paper money and have no change for bills. My *mozo* knew that I so carried it, but I have suffered no loss nor had cause for fear or distrust.

Maria's coquetting episode suggests an amusing incident of one winter evening in a city of wealth and among the more cultured classes. The great central tableland of Mexico is very temperate, neither hot in summer nor cold in winter, except for an occasional few days in each season. Such days in the winter cause much inconvenience among the well-to-do and rich, to say nothing of the suffering among the poor, for their houses are not always supplied with heating apparatus, except the open hearth fire in the kitchen used for cooking purposes. Even a hotel office is often as cold and cheerless as a barn; and I have seen business men and clerks sitting around wrapped in cloak or blanket, as indifferent to customers as though at a funeral. At such times I have walked the street for a half-hour or more before going to my room for the night, to be certain of going to bed warm. It is not an unusual custom for the mercantile classes, and even bankers, to occupy the second and third stories of their business houses for residence purposes; and frequently some one street is wholly given up to the fashionable trade, no traffic of any kind other than pedestrians being allowed, thus insuring clean and quiet residence conditions. On one such cold winter night, in the city of San Luis Potosi, I was taking such a bedtime walk on such a street, when I passed close to a young man, well dressed and apparently of the best classes, standing on the sidewalk and talking to a young lady on the balcony above him, and a block further on another was similarly engaged. It was such a cold night and the hour was so late that, except for these young people and myself, the street seemed deserted, and I felt like an intruder and extended my walk, but persisted in returning, until four times I had passed back and forth closer to these young men than they were to their friends—sweethearts would perhaps be a better word, for only a sweetheart could keep a young man interested for so long a time under such conditions.

In the Northern States, where snow and sleigh-rides are of common winter occurrence, young people know how to keep each other warm and interested while snugly ensconced in the same seat, well wrapped in rugs and furs. These same Northern young men arrogate to themselves, with much pride, a claim to what of late years it has become the custom to call strenuousness. But here were young men of a nation which has been denied the possession of any such quality, and yet, with heads thrown back at an angle of forty-five degrees, they were keeping their lady-loves warm and interested on a cold winter night while separated from them by a perpendicular distance of fifteen feet. JOHN M. HENTON.

Spearfish, South Dakota.

CONSCIENCE AND CUSTOMS AGAIN

The missionary woman who writes in The Outlook of July 18 is evidently in favor of free trade. That is a question on which statesmen of equal ability and integrity have differed, though free trade as an element in universal brotherhood is generally attractive. Government, however, has not reached such an ideal state. As men have carried it on throughout the ages, it has been both a losing and a winning game. We part with certain individual rights in order to accomplish ends that we cannot attain as individuals. Our own Government began by proclaiming "certain unalienable rights," such as "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" but all of these may justly be taken away from an individual by legal process, and all are modified, to some extent, by the authority of government. Thus we get civil liberty, which necessitates some restraint on individual liberty.

This necessity the missionary woman, with her plea of "an inherent, natural, God-given, inalienable right," does not appear to recognize at all. Nor does she recognize that the abuses of the custom-house, the discourtesy and the bribery, form no part of the plan of our Government, and that wherein the methods of inspection are objectionable the improvement of these methods, and not necessarily the abolition of customs, is the remedy. Certainly it is the duty of our Government to prevent abuses in so far as possible, and to improve the customs methods, a duty to which it is to be aroused by the missionary and by all other travelers, abetted by those who stay at home.

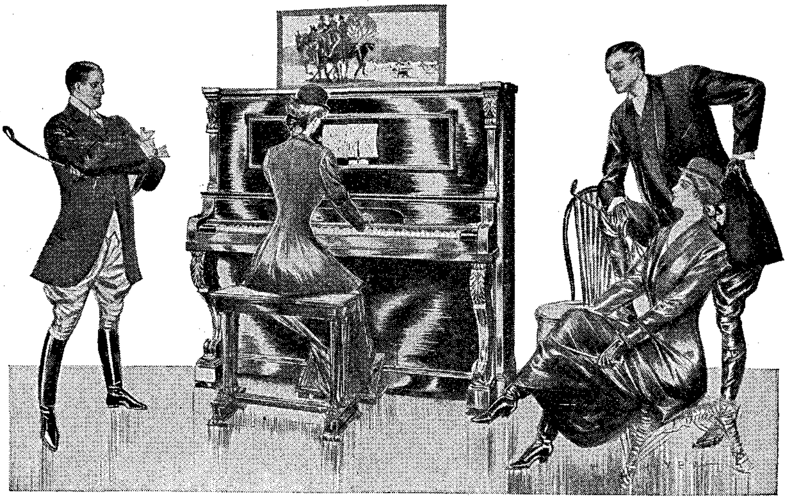
But why have "women no conscience about smuggling goods," while at the same time "the conscience of a woman instinctively discerns the inherent right and wrong of a question"? These are the conflicting facts, "universally acknowledged," that the missionary attempts to reconcile. She concludes that the second fact really explains the first; that woman's finer moral discernment applied to the customs laws finds them wrong, and that this discovery, rather than any lack of patriotism or of honesty, accounts for her frequent violation of these laws.

This explanation sounds plausible and rings complimentary to woman; but the very tone of the letter, the attitude of the writer, suggests a quite different explanation: woman's inferior respect for law, especially for law that conflicts, as the customs often must, with her convenience and her strong love for personal adornment. Some would claim that this inferior respect for law is due to the fact that woman has no part in the making of the laws. As the missionary says, "the laws are man-made—not woman-made." Give her a part in making the laws, and her respect for law will rise accordingly; she will become a political entity. That is one view of the situation. The opponents of it say with increasing courage that woman's political nonentity is due to something deep down in her nature that unfits her for political life and that justifies her exclusion from it as an active factor while it retains her as an ally most invaluable just because her inherent sense of right is kept intact and untrammeled by the conventions of government. Thus, with all her smuggling and contempt for law, she is a more valuable asset to the government than she would be as an additional lawmaker. I. A. W.

Lebanon, Illinois.

THE CORRESPONDENCE ABOUT THE HARVARD OARSMEN

Our readers will remember that the correspondence between President Roosevelt and Assistant Secretary Bacon on the one hand and President Eliot, of Harvard College, on the other, respecting the two Harvard students who, without authority, took books from the Harvard Library, was made public. In our judgment this publication did injustice to the young men, because it added to the penalty provided by the College for such an offense the added penalty of a public rebuke before all the people of the country. It has been asserted that The Outlook "assumed that President Eliot gave out the telegraphic correspondence." The Outlook assumed nothing of the sort. We thought the publication of these letters was not honorable, and that the giving of them out for publication was a breach of confidence, though we had no means of knowing who was guilty of the offense. We are now able to state authoritatively, what might reasonably have been assumed, that they were not given out with the approval or consent of either President Eliot or President Roosevelt. Neither can be held responsible for the publication of a correspondence which both of them regarded as private.—THE EDITORS.



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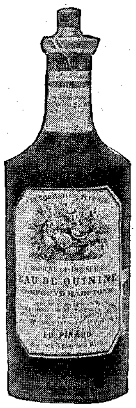

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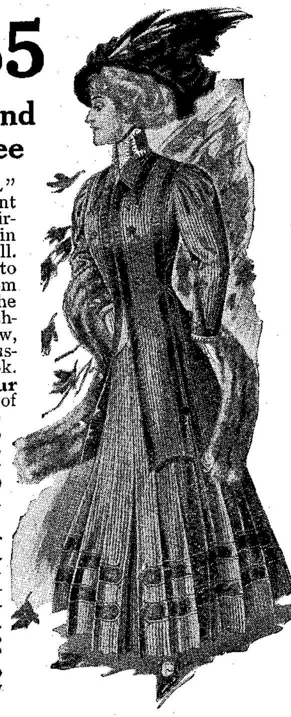

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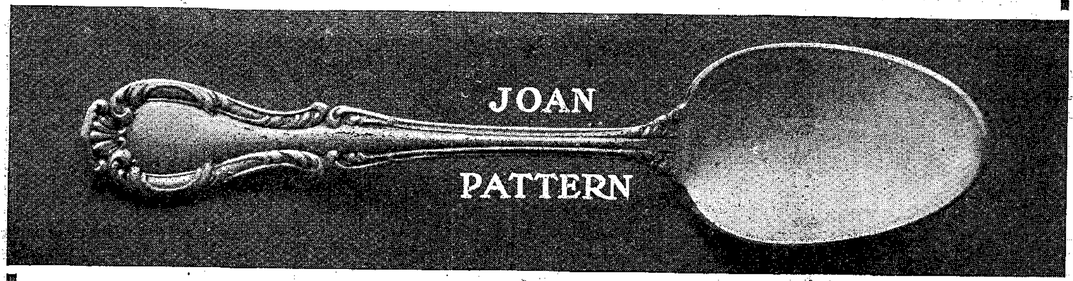

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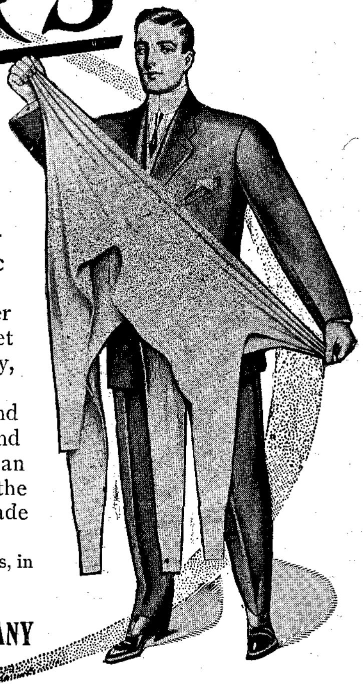

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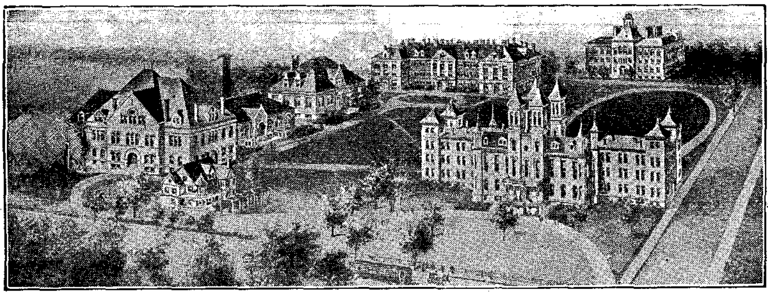

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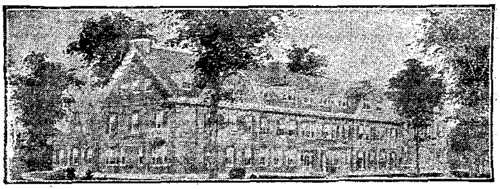

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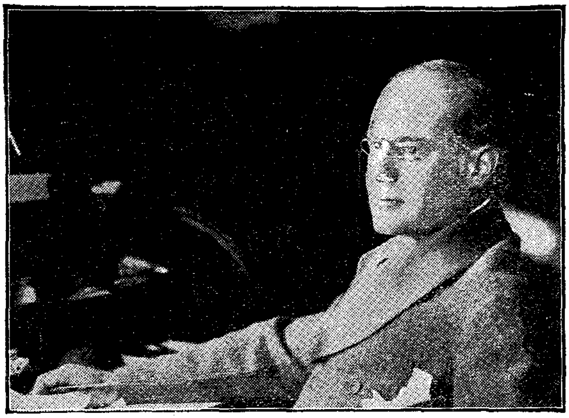

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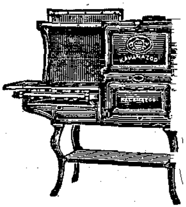

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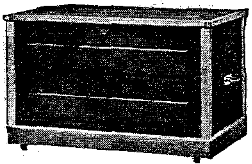

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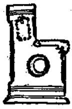

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